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TRAVELS

FROM

BERLIN,

THROUGH SWITZERLAND,

TO

PARIS,

IN THE YEAR 1804.

BY

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

AUTHOR OF THE STRANGER, LOVERS' VOWS, PIZARRO, *&c. &c*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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JOURNEY

FROM

BERLIN TO PARIS.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

ITS inner-court, three hundred and twenty yards in length, and one hundred and fifty in breadth, has been newly planted. The present generation will scarcely live long enough to walk under the shade of these trees; but whether shady or not, this place, nevertheless, remains the daily place of resort for many thousands of people; and during the greatest part of the day, its piazzas or arcades are so much crowded, that it is impossible to make your way

through without the aid of your elbows. No wonder, for here are eighteen coffee houses, ten restaurateurs, half a dozen pastry cooks, many public houses, several wine-merchants, ice-sellers, fruit-women, a couple of billiard tables, and a great number of confectioners; in short, you may eat and drink in as great abundance, and of as great delicacies as in any part of the world. Among other things, you find a wafer-shop where several persons sit before the fire the whole day, and do nothing but bake wafers, and most excellent ones they are. In a small room beyond the shop, they are served quite hot, and if you please you may drink a glass of Malaga with them. It was my usual breakfast, and does not overload the stomach. Whoever does not like this fare, may go to the next shop and procure a cold partridge-pie, or some of the thousand cold viands, which

are every where exposed in a most relishing manner to tempt the eye.—If you like, you may go one pair of stairs higher into apartments elegantly furnished, pass your time in playing at all imaginable games of hazard, and drain your purse; or follow the syren's song, resounding from the windows of the *entresol;* or read the newspapers in a coffee-house; or go to the reading-rooms kept by one *Jorre*, where you always find two warm rooms in winter, and on paying six livres a month, you may read from morning till night forty newspapers and journals. When tired of this you may go (take notice, still under the same piazzas) to the *Theatre Montansier*, or to *M. Seraphin's Ombres Chinoises*, or to the *Theatre des Enfans*, or to the puppet-show, or to a private theatre in a cellar. At the time I was there, Pyramus and Thisbe were to be seen in wax-

work; the body of the virtuous Thisbe, who was probably rendered pregnant by Pyramus, might be opened, and the situation in which the fœtus lay examined. Before the door was a cryer, who kept repeating the whole day; *Messieurs, voyez en passant, le chef d'œuvre de l'art, curieux et interessant. Le professeur va commencer l'explication dans l'instant, entrez! entrez!*

This invitation was sung to the tune of a hymn, and the vociferating sounds tickled the ears even after you had left the *Palais* More serious entertainment is afforded by Bertrand's physical cabinet a few paces farther.

The *Theatre Français*, the first in Paris, is likewise so connected with the Palais Royal, that a continuation of the covered walks leads through into it.—If every other method of diversion be exhausted, surely some novelty may be found among the twenty booksellers'

shops under the arcades; or, giving way to the impulse of vanity, you may have your portrait taken by a miniature painter. Not less than nineteen of these artists here exhibit their specimens good and bad, cheap and dear, from six livres to ten louis. There are some of them who promise to furnish a portrait within the space of an hour, and who are artists of merit as far as regards hitting a resemblance. Thus I saw, for instance, a portrait of the hereditary Prince of Weimar, badly painted but a strong resemblance, in the Palais Royal, during the whole of my stay. If, notwithstanding all this, you are still at a loss for diversion, which is scarcely possible, you may read so many thousand bills posted up against the walls, or look at elegant shops; among which you find no less than sixteen milliners, twenty warehouses for ready-made wearing-apparel, thirty

stocked with all kinds of stuffs for ladies and gentlemen, numerous shops containing the most beautiful hardwares, glass, china, arms, seals, children's toys, &c.

If you have no money to purchase any of these things, here are two pawnbroker's shops, and two lottery-offices. The former give ready money on good pledges, and the latter, hopes of ready money. In short, were you to be shut up for life in the Palais Royal, you need never want any thing that renders life pleasant, from the *Theatre Français* to the shoe-black's stall, which bears the pompous inscription; *aux artistes réunis*, the united artists.

The coffee-houses vie with each other in making a splendid external appearance. One is called the coffee-house of a thousand columns, (*café aux mille colonnes,*) because its apartments supported

by about half a dozen pillars, are multiplied, by the reflections from one glass to another, to thousands. Another, with the sign of the Mount St. Bernard, calls itself *unique*. The manner in which it distinguishes itself is indeed singular enough. A considerable portion of the coffee-room has been sacrificed to a model of Mount St. Bernard. Besides this, all the rooms are decorated with an immense number of small puppets, in glass frames, and capable of being set in motion. They partly imitate various nations, and particularly those described in Cook's Voyages, and partly French peasants from the most remote provinces, and are, in general, a tolerable resemblance. At any rate, a person who takes a dish of coffee here, is sure of being agreeably entertained.

THE PALACE OF THE CONSERVATIVE SENATE, FORMERLY THE PALAIS DU LUXEMBOURG.

THE gardens belonging to this building are but little inferior to those of the Thuileries, especially since they have been considerably enlarged; and they abound with superb statues. The hall, leading to the gallery, is hung with the celebrated pictures of all the French sea-ports, by Vernerit, that were formerly found in the hotel of the Marine, which now contains nothing worthy to be seen. The gallery itself bears Rubens' name, being almost entirely filled with the great paintings of that celebrated master, representing the life of Mary de Medici. But I must frankly confess, that these pictures were not suited to my taste. I found in them a compound of ideas

which are denominated poetical and ingenious, but which border on the ludicrous. At Mary's birth, Lucina, the ancient goddess of midwives, delivers the child to a lion, representing the city of Florence. In her education, Apollo plays her a tune on the bass-viol; at her wedding, Hymen carries the train of her gown, and a dog is present, probably as a symbol of fidelity. At her debarkation at Marseilles, the Syrens almost break their ribs in attempting to stop the ship, and a Triton blows a tremendous blast with his shell. The nuptials are celebrated at Lyons, where she appears in the costume of Juno, and Henry IV. receives her in the character of Jupiter. At the birth of Louis XIII. Fertility presents her a nest with five little children, intimating that she was to have so many more. At her coronation, some dogs are again observed very busy,

At the apotheosis of Henry IV. Bellona tears her hair. Some stout dogs are also seen playing their tricks here, and indeed few of these pictures are without them. They consist of hounds, grey-hounds, bull-dogs, and, in some instances, lap-dogs. In the picture representing Mary's government, a globe (the emblem of France) is drawn by pigeons. The reconciliation between her and her son is celebrated in the presence of more dogs. Adding to all these absurdities the mean adulation resulting from each of these allegories, it is natural that the effect of the art should be lost, even in these performances of Rubens.

A sleeping hermit, by Vien, which owes its origin to chance, makes amends for this absurdity. The artist was going to paint a foot from nature, and a poor hermit furnished the model. The old man, who was probably not quite sober,

felt a lassitude, and grew sleepy; but endeavoured to keep himself awake by playing on the violin. He, however, fell fast asleep, and his figure was so striking, that the painter, instead of drawing the foot, took a sketch of the whole hermit, and afterwards made it a most capital picture.

The Holy Family, by Raphael, is exquisitely beautiful, whether it be, or be not, the production of that master; for some amateurs assert that it is the work of his pupil Andrea del Sarto. The matter is very doubtful, for I perfectly well remember to have seen the same Holy Family, said to be by Raphael, at Vienna, and, if I am not mistaken, a much better picture. Which, therefore, is genuine? It is of no consequence; they are both truly admirable performances.

From Rubens' gallery you enter that

of Le Sueur, who is sometimes styled the French Raphael, though he never was under the serene sky of Italy. His productions here represent the life of St. Bruno in twenty-four pictures. He painted them on wood for the Carthusian monks, whose founder was Bruno. The wantonness of boys, or the malignity of envy, damaged and defaced these pictures in such a manner, that the Carthusians were obliged to have doors made to cover them. They are now completely restored, and transferred from wood to canvas. A person ought to be a little acquainted with Bruno's life, in order to find any pleasure in these performances. But as I am not inclined to peruse the legendary tale of the saint, and believing that these pictures, first painted by order of a queen, afterwards very ill-treated, badly repaired, transferred from wood to canvas, and again re-

paired, can furnish but a faint idea of Le Sueur's genius, I had rather turn to that excellent marble group of Cupid and Psyche, executed at Rome by Delaistre, a living artist. I think that, in order to render it as celebrated as many a Greek and Roman performance, it wants but the death of its author, and an age of one or two centuries.

The hall in which the Conservative Senate meet is very fine, but not striking. It is, likewise, too small, and preparations are said to have been made to remove the place of meeting to some other edifice. The most remarkable thing in the palace of the Luxemburg, is the apartment in which the Directory was used to assemble, and which, before the revolution, was the bed-chamber of Madame, now the consort of Louis XVIII. Here you still see a large map of Germany, and the adjacent countries, in

which the positions of the French armies, at the moment of the conclusion of the treaty of Campo Formio, are marked with small pieces of paper, and silk threads of various colours. The different colours here mark the head-quarters; there a general, or a post, either easy or difficult to be defended, &c. Those places, likewise, where remarkable engagements were fought, are marked, and the slips of paper are fastened with very small pins. Ah! thought I, how often may the finger of a Director, after having, perhaps, with the utmost indifference, taken a pinch of snuff, have pointed at the ruin of my native land!

THE HALL OF THE COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED.

SUCH must have been the appearance of the place where the Senate of ancient Rome used to meet, and if not such, it was certainly far inferior to the hall of Five Hundred, which is splendid without luxury and gaudy glitter. In a vast semicircle, five hundred seats rise into the form of an amphitheatre; behind these is a gallery for the constituted authorities, and, above that, a second for the people. The ceiling, which joins the latter, is decorated with the pictures of ancient legislators and celebrated republicans. Here are Solon, Lycurgus, Regulus, Cato, and many others, with the period in which they lived marked underneath. In the midst of all these figures, Nature sits enthroned with the

inscription: *Nature alone gives eternal laws.* The hall receives light from above, and warmth from below, for it has neither windows nor stoves.

Opposite the seats of the Five Hundred is a handsome tribune for the president; and, a little farther, a second for the secretaries. The walls are hung with drapery, not tricoloured, but of light green cloth, with flame-coloured ornaments. Every thing is simply dignified, and I think it impossible to fit up any place in the world in a manner more appropriate to its use.

Indeed, all the little resources which operate so forcibly on the senses, and, through them, on the mind, are exceedingly neglected by us *hyper-solid* Germans. We are even apt to turn them into ridicule, because we consider ourselves to be very rational; hence, by dint of our reason, we never get into

action. The Frenchman, on the contrary, omits nothing that can put him in mind of his actions, and incite him to future ones. What he invents for this purpose is not always original; he mostly copies from the Greeks and Romans; but it is all one, provided it only produces the same effect as in their times. Thus, in the hall of the Legislative Body, for instance, boards are put up, recording the different victories and conquests of the French armies. Whoever walks through these halls involuntarily reads something, let him turn which way he pleases. In the soldier this excites ambition; in the citizen national spirit. He who served in any of those armies, finds himself rewarded in a flattering manner; and the man who now serves in them, anticipates the recompense that awaits him. These sensations, however,

cannot possibly be more powerful, than if he visit

THE HOTEL OF THE INVALIDS.

THAT the very exterior of this palace is second to none in magnificence is a fact too well known for me to dwell upon. But the beholder feels a singular, I had almost said a pleasing melancholy, if he pass through the great garden extended in front of the hotel, and view the beautiful prospect which the Seine affords; if at every step the eye meet a mutilated veteran, who, however, looks cheerful and well-fed, breathing the fresh air, comfortably seated on a bench, or leisurely walking about the garden. I happened to be here just at twelve o'clock in the day, when the drum beat to dinner; old and young, creeping and halting, assembled in large halls, sat

down at small round tables, and with a hearty appetite, helped themselves to abundance of good, substantial food. They are not, however, obliged to eat in these dining halls; for the grateful nation not only wishes to give them food, but also to afford them convenience in their old age. I saw, therefore, many who fetched their rations, and carried them to their rooms. Each of them has a glass jug full of wine with his meat, to chear him. But after satisfying the cravings of their appetite, what are those brave men, wounded in the service of their country, to do, in order to chase away irksomeness? That too is guarded against. They have an excellent library; and many a German prince cannot boast of having one so valuable in his residence. A large hall is lined on all sides with neat book-cases, well stocked with literary productions.

To enjoy this nourishment of the mind, chairs and tables are conveniently placed.

At different distances is a written request, not to spit on the floor, which is kept uncommonly clean. In the back ground of the library hangs David's picture of Bonaparte crossing the Alps, while a gust of wind blows his cloak over his head. It is the same which Bonaparte made a present of to the invalids, and which the hoary warriors were obliged to salute with discharges of artillery on its arrival. This *large cloak*, spread like a sail, almost wholly enwraps the *little man*. It bears not the least resemblance to him. Flattery, however, takes care that it be multiplied. I found a painter and two young ladies sitting before it, and taking a copy; the former was a miniature painter, and the ladies only took a drawing of it. A number of invalids were sitting round

about reading; one a military work, another a tragedy by Racine, and the third a novel. Meantime their eyes were fixed on their visitors of the fair sex; and it being rather cold, they came to solicit the ladies to warm themselves before the fire. The latter, wholly intent upon their work, declining it, the gallant cripples brought straw mats, which they spread under the ladies' feet, to prevent their catching cold on the marble pavement. It ought not to be forgotten that they were all *common* soldiers. Indeed, after having walked about for an hour in this place, a person always feels tempted to have a leg shot off, in order to get a residence in it.

A sublime spectacle is afforded by the great cupola, from whose dome an innumerable multitude of colours is suspended, each of which forms a letter of an inscription, announcing the victories

of the French; hieroglyphics as legible as any that ever existed. The colours of all nations are triumphantly displayed here; but notwithstanding all the pains I took in looking about, I could not discover one that was Prussian. What has been taken in Egypt, in horsetails, crescents, &c. is placed in picturesque groups on the columns. There may be several thousand stand of colours, and you walk, as it were, under an enormous tent. But it is not necessary you should only look *upwards*, the walls on the sides are not less worthy of notice. Immediately on entering, both to the right and left, the walls are inlaid with marble to the very top, and like the old Grecian tables in the Museum Napoleon, which eternize the memory of the heroes of the race of the Erechytides, you read the names of all the warriors that have signalized themselves in diffe-

rent armies, or died on the bed of honour. These marble tablets will some time serve Frenchmen as genealogical proofs of their ancestry.

I proceed farther, to take a survey of the pictures. The most praised and the largest of these, representing the 18th of Brumaire, made no kind of impression on me, partly because I do not like allegories, partly because such an honourable situation has been granted it too soon. Places in the cupola of the Invalids, as in the Pantheon, should only be distributed by posterity. The battles of Louis XIV. are certainly here in the right place; but there is little to be seen in them, for pictures of battles all resemble each other: but that picture, on the contrary, which shews the heroic sacrifice made by the officer at Nancy of his own person, by voluntarily placing himself at the mouth of a cannon, to

prevent its being fired upon the citizens, and who thus became a victim to his patriotism, is a beautiful performance; and it is still more charming that it should hang here. Finally, if I step under this *vast* cupola, this rotunda, towering aloft into the skies, in the most superb style of architecture, I observe its sole ornament, its sole ornament in the strictest sense of the word, the tomb of Turenne. His bones, saved from the monument at St. Dennis, really repose here. This sepulchral monument resembles that which his children had once raised for him at St. Dennis. Something, however, surprised me in the cupola, viz. the twelve apostles painted, and below them *bas-reliefs* of Voltaire, Rousseau, and others. How happens it that Voltaire and Rousseau should be confounded with invalids and apostles?

THE BOTANICAL GARDEN,

(Jardin des Plantes.)

THE Botanical Garden is very large and beautiful, but not being a botanist myself, neither a description nor an opinion of it will, it is presumed, be expected from me. The hot-houses are small and neat structures, but contain nothing particular. Those who have seen the excellent hot-houses in Schoenbrunn, near Vienna, will find those at Paris to be miserable hovels, in comparison with the former, where every thing is arranged with so much taste, both for the eye and the smell; and at the same time without losing sight of science, I might almost say, so poetically arranged; the water plants bloom in and about the fine marble basons, the odoriferous flowers are so artificially blended,

according to their various colours; the trees and products of the torrid zones enjoy, in casements of their own, the temperature of their native climate; and these structures are all so lofty, and so spacious, that they are tempting to walk in. The chief director, or head gardener, of this fine establishment, unites extensive knowledge with the most complaisant manners, and has himself travelled through all the countries from which Flora and Pomona have sent their foreign offspring. In a word, nothing of all this is to be found in the *Jardin des Plantes*. You are obliged to creep among all sorts of shrubs, through which a dirty assistant gardener shews the way. At last, you rejoice to get again into the open air, where you may admire, as you pass, the famous cedar tree, the top of which was carried off by a cannon ball in the time of the revolution.

The foreign animals are pretty numerous, yet there are not many rare ones among them that have not been seen elsewhere. A couple of elephants, playing all sorts of tricks, the conquered bears of Bern, lions, tigers, leopards, wolves, eagles, an ostrich, a couple of kangaroos, an ichneumon, different breeds of sheep, goats, and deer, constitute nearly the whole. But it is a very good regulation, that all those animals, from whose ferocity nothing is to be dreaded, can range about in the open air, and are only separated one from another by low hedge-rows, over which a man of a middling stature may easily look.

But that which renders the botanical garden at Paris most interesting, and attracts the people to visit it, notwithstanding its remoteness, is solely the gallery of natural history. Unrivalled in

its kind by any in the known world, it is contained in a fine building, with many spacious halls, close to the garden. The whole is arranged in glass presses in the most instructive manner. In the first floor are to be found the productions of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms; also many petrifactions; among others, a large collection of petrified fishes, among which there is one that must have been encompassed by the still fluid stony mass, at the very moment when it was swallowing another little fish; for one half of its prey remains hanging out of its mouth; in which state it suddenly became petrified with its devourer. One of the most remarkable articles is also a very perfect petrified jaw of a crocodile. Moon stones are abundant. Farther on are to be seen species of wood and fruit from every part of the world, many of which

are only known from books of voyages and travels. The fruits are either dried or preserved in spirit of wine, and some few formed in wax. In the second floor are the various species of the animal kingdom, where you see, under glass covers, beetles, butterflies, and all sorts of insects; then follow snakes, lizards, tortoises; next to these birds of every species, with infinite variety of beautiful plumage, and partly with their nests and eggs. There you see the charming humming bird, with her nest full of young, no bigger than bees, and their mother in size resembling a horse fly. Not far from it are the gigantic cassowary and the ostrich. Nature has developed all her magnificence in the superb colibris, and in numberless species of parrots. A large hall contains the quadrupeds. In its center is the zebra, with variegated stripes, the rhinoceros, the elephant, and

finally the tall camelopard, near which stands the elephant like a dwarf. At two yards distance is the little Siberian mouse, the smallest of all the quadrupeds. Good God! if you eye in thought the humming bird near the ostrich, and the little Siberian mouse near the camelopard, and you recollect that these colossal creatures did not receive more life from nature than those diminutive atom-like animals—how much matter do we find for serious reflection! On the side walls are to be found not only the well known animals which are found in other places, but likewise the hippopotamus, the sea cow, the antelope, the sloth, the ant-eater; in short, all the animals that are seen depicted in Buffon.

This edifice, large as it appears, is already too small: it is, therefore, in contemplation to enlarge it, as there is no room left for the curiosities brought

home by Captain Baudin. All these accumulated treasures of nature are daily opened gratis to those curious of seeing and learning: they may also enter the fine contiguous library, decorated with Buffon's bust, where all the works relative to natural history are to be found, and where you may conveniently sit down, examine, and make extracts. This establishment is matchless in its kind. It enraptures a stranger, and makes him return thanks to a government, which so liberally communicates every thing that natives or foreigners can desire for the improvement of the sciences.

The celebrated Cuvier lives at the opposite end of the garden: I mention here his own anatomical cabinet, which might very properly be called a gallery, both for its extent and contents. The experienced Cuvier shews it with much

good nature, and speaks very instructively upon the subject. You find the smallest creatures, even insects, anatomized with admirable skill and patience; amongst others, a silkworm with its eggs so finely wrought, that you are tempted to imagine Cuvier must have two microscopes instead of two eyes in his head: the chicken from its first origin in the egg till it creeps out; a number of skeletons of fishes and quadrupeds; among the latter, a superb camelopard, which formerly belonged to the hereditary Stadthulder; two camels by its side may easily creep under the camelopard's belly; the head of a crocodile, from which one easily perceives that, contrary to the opinion which has hitherto prevailed, this animal opens and shuts the *upper* jaw bone, but that the *lower* remains immoveable; a couple of sketches of elephants, &c. monsters of

men and animals, the skeleton of the dwarf Bebé, a favourite of king Augustus of Poland, several Egyptian mummies, some of the Guanches, the ancient inhabitants of Teneriffe. The teeth of the latter are blunted, from which it is inferred for a certainty that they lived only on vegetables; their heads are very beautifully formed, and Cuvier is of opinion that this extinct, or rather extirpated people must have been a fine and noble race of men. The collection of heads is only rising into being as it were, and is much inferior to that of the aulic counsellor Blumenbach at Gottingen. A melancholy reflection offers itself here for the defenders of the humanity and liberty of the negroes, which is, that the heads of those negroes make exactly a mongrel species between men and monkeys; they are quite as *distorted* as those of the apes, and the

chin like them goes *inwards*. Thus it is very possible that the blacks are not our brethren. Cuvier said many interesting things about the famous Dr. Gall's system, with whom he corresponds; he was likewise of opinion that there may be much truth in it upon the whole, but in minute matters, and in detail, not so much could be defined as Gall pretends to do. Why not? I say. If the whole has been put to the test, the details will be found by experience; and he that has heard Gall's lectures but once, must be convinced of the proofs he lays before his hearers.

There is here a very remarkable collection of petrified bones, which, though they were all found in the neighbourhood of Paris, belonged to fifteen different species of animals which do not now exist, and evidently inhabited a creation of our world which has been

already destroyed. The new creation has produced *similar* animals, but not the *same*. Here is an opportunity to plunge one's self into an ocean of confused ideas. Cuvier is at this moment writing a work upon this subject, which thousands of persons like myself expect with ardent desire. A collection of heads from the first moment of life, year after year, to the most advanced period of old age, is yet incomplete; a collection of different birds' feathers, gathered for their form, but not for their colours, is remarkable; the structure of the human eye, ear, and genitals, formed in wax, is not so fine as at Bertrand's. A number of animals from Africa, sent by the Dey of Tunis, are now on the way to Paris. Cuvier greatly commends the French generals commanding in distant countries, for the concern which they mani-

fest to enrich the collections of the *Jardin des Plantes*. An opossum, that died a few days before I paid my visit, was just anatomising; on the other hand, the female of the kangaroo was big with young.

THE PRETENDED DAUPHIN.

This singular story, which, as far as I know, has not acquired much publicity, will create the more astonishment, if I assure my readers, that there is a great number of people in France, who do not only firmly and implicitly believe that Louis XVII. *is still alive*, but even assign very plausible reasons for the assertion. If some palpable falsehoods did not intervene, we might at least confess that the matter is possible. I shall first relate the story, as it has been placed on the records of the government and their tribunals, and afterwards as

the hero and his partisans have wished to represent it.

Jean Marie Hervagault is the son of a taylor at St. Lo, of a prepossessing figure, features bearing great resemblance to those of Louis XVI. fair, slender, lively, communicative without suspicion, quickly penetrating, and feigning innocence in a masterly manner; of course a person of great endowments, but of no education. He is supposed to be a natural son of the late Duke of Valentinois, who possessed estates in Normandy. The strange events of the revolution disordered his senses; he saw that many had raised themselves from obscurity, and he wished to do the same. In September, 1796, he left his father's house, and strolled as a vagabond about the country, declaring himself to be the son of a family of rank, reduced to distress by the revolution. His youth, his inno-

cent appearance, and the plausibility of his story, every where procured him a favourable reception and relief. He had no passport, but was never asked for one. He became bolder, and attempted likewise to carry on his trade in the towns. He came to Cherbourg, but was soon taken up as a vagrant. His father, the taylor, being apprized of this, hastened to fetch him, and was not a little surprised to find him richly provided with money and jewels. He brought him back to St. Lo, where the brisk young blade did not, however, stay long, but soon ran away a second time, strolled through the department of Calvados; and, having improved both in body and in mind, he became more ingeniously inventive in his stories than at first. He sometimes passed for a son of the Prince of Monaco, and sometimes for the heir of the

Duke d'Ursel in the Netherlands. He thus raised himself step by step, and ere long made himself a relation of Lewis XVI. of the Emperor Joseph II. and of the King of Prussia. For the sake of his safety, which was threatened, he travelled in women's clothes, pretending that he was just returned from England, whither he had been taking some money to his emigrant father.

Many, very many people of rank and education were deceived, for he flattered their former prejudices; the ladies in particular shewed a decided partiality for him, because he addressed their hearts. His adventures began to attract some notice, and he was arrested a second time in female attire, and conducted to prison at Bayeux, at the distance of only ten leagues from St. Lo. His father came again to procure his deliverance, which, in consideration of his

youth, was indulgently granted, and the lad replaced under paternal authority. He was now to learn the trade of a taylor, an insufferable thought to his mind. He broke loose a third time.

In 1797 he was in the diligence, or stage coach, between Laval and Alençon, very plainly and decently habited according to his sex. Not far from the latter place, he alighted, and brushed off to a village by the road-side, called *Les Joncherets*. Being benighted, he begged quarters of a peasant, who directed him to the house of Madamoiselle Talon Lacombe for better accommodation. To this lady he declared himself to be one of the family of Montmorency, who had a castle and estates near Dreux, but was obliged to fly from his persecutors. She conceived a lively interest for his situation, and supplied him with money and clothes, which he promised to re-

pay upon his arrival at Dreux. Here he lived for a while much at his ease, acted the part of a man of quality, and presented, for instance, the ostler, who saddled his riding-horse, with a louis-d'or.

At last he felt himself induced to set off, and Madamoiselle Lacombe accompanied him to Dreux, to get back the value of what she had advanced to him. They safely reached the place; but both castle and estates had vanished. Can any thing be more natural? The revolution accounts for every thing. Poorer by fifty louis-d'ors, and richer in experience, the lady returned home. The young hero continually gained in boldness. In the month of May, 1798, he ventured in the diligence to Meaux, only eight leagues from Paris, and alighted at the inn, where he, indeed, obtained some refreshment, but, having

no passport, was refused a night's lodging. The wife of a Paris merchant, Laravine, who happened to be at Meaux, took pity on him, and permitted him to sleep in her warehouse. This encouraged him to ask farther favours, and he succeeded. He represented himself as a rich farmer's son at Domery, who had fled to avoid being enrolled as a recruit, and Madame made him a present of four louis-d'ors, upon which he hired a place in the diligence for Strasbourg.

About one league from Chalons he disappeared, and the postillion in vain waited his return. He went to the village of Méry, and wished to make good his story at the castle of Guignaucourt; but, being suspected, he was put under arrest, and taken before the justice of peace at Cernon. Being asked who he was, he mysteriously replied: "He had no answer to make to such a

question." He was sent to Chalons, where, being again asked to give his name, he proudly said, "You will learn it but too soon." At last he said, he was called Louis Antoine Jean François de Langueville; that his father was dead, and that his mother, Madame Sainte Emilie, lived at Beuzeville, near Pont Audemar, in the department of Eure. It must be confessed, that it is impossible to tell a lie more circumstantially.

Confined in the prison of Chalons, Hervagault assumed an air of grandeur, and a mysterious deportment; he tempted the curious, gave significant hints, and in short, ere long, it was whispered about: It is the Dauphin! the son of Louis XVI.! The jailer himself believed the story, and advanced him money. The wives of two merchants of the towns Saignes and Felize, were initiated

in the secret, which soon spread about; and no one any longer doubted. His figure, his manners—"You need but see him," exclaimed the credulous souls, "to recognise him at the very first look." All the inhabitants of halons, of the privileged orders, were by degrees made confidents and adherents; and they all vied with each other in supporting this last ill-fated offspring of their kings. His table was daily served with dainties of every description, his rooms were elegantly furnished, masters were given him, the jailer treated him with deference and respect; his prisoner was allowed to walk about as often as he pleased, but always in the disguise of a female; in fine, his dungeon was as it were metamorphosed into a pleasure-house.

Meanwhile the persons who were let into the secret were not sufficiently dis-

creet. A word dropt here and there, in the gladness of their hearts, aroused the vigilance of the magistrates; and, after this masquerade was played two months, Hervagault was made to undergo stricter examinations. With artifice and gestures that seemed to belie his words, he now declared that he was the son of a taylor at St. Lo. The father was applied to in writing, confirmed the truth of the declaration, and the offender was sentenced to *one month's* imprisonment. This mild punishment was considered as a victory by those who thought they really knew the secret: during his trial, they trembled lest the real origin of the prisoner should not escape discovery. In order to free him from the prying vigilance of the police, they abundantly furnished him with money and jewels, and thus facilitated his retreat. He was very well satisfied with the issue, and

now began to act his part at Vire, in the department of Calvados. Here he made but a few proselytes, was soon arrested again, and with greater severity doomed to two years imprisonment. As the inhabitants of Vire only considered him as a young vagabond, he would have passed these two years very sorrily, had not his faithful adherents at Chalons continued to support him, on which occasion the consoling Madame Saignes conducted the correspondence. This woman really wished him well, and advised him to apply the time of his confinement to the improvement of his education; but he gave way to drinking, and at the end of two years left the prison worse than when he entered. Madame Saignes herself went to fetch him from Vire to Chalons, into the bosom of his faithful and devoted friends. The most splendid preparations were

made for his reception. He arrived, received congratulations, had flowers strewed at his feet, and was treated with the most distinguished respect. In short, the horn of plenty was again most copiously poured out on the taylor's son of St. Lo.

When the police discovered these proceedings, his partisans, upon deliberation, found it expedient to send the dauphin on his travels. His route was so contrived that he everywhere found confidential friends, who, being previously informed of his supposed high birth, shewed him all the respect due to that exalted station. He was once at Rheims, twice at Vitry le Français, and often at different country-seats, where balls, concerts, and feasts of every kind, were given in honour of him. At Vitry he was splendidly and conveniently lodged at the house of Madame de Ram-

becour, whose husband closely followed all his footsteps, waited upon him with the most attentive zeal, and served him like a valet. On St. Louis's day a superb *fête* was prepared for him, it being the feast of the saint whose name he bore. The ladies sung songs composed in honour of him. In the confidential circles which he frequented, they always called him, *mon prince!* his portrait was handed about as that of the *dauphin*, and it was reported that the pope himself had imprinted a mark on his leg, to know him again by; finally, a letter was handed about from a *bishop*, in which this deluded prelate writes in expressions of the profoundest respect for this young vagabond; and, by his example, convinced many who were still wavering in their belief. Already was a court formed round Louis XVII; he had immediately his favourites, and was going

to nominate those who were to hold the great offices of his household. Many names of consequence were to be found among them. They all glowed with enthusiasm, and prepared to make the greatest sacrifices. Men of birth and rank deemed themselves fortunate in being able to perform the meanest drudgery of menial service for him. Misers turned spendthrifts, that they might have the honour of entertaining him. It was very natural that such proceedings should not escape the eye of a vigilant police. Fouché was informed at Paris of all that was going forward at Vitry; and a warrant put an end to the farce.

But even when taken into custody, Hervagault conducted himself with a loftiness and dignity that struck all present with a kind of dubious awe. His most downcast confidents surrounded

him with the most heart-felt reverence; one of them, highly moved, begged leave to embrace him, and the taylor's son negligently tendered his hand to kiss. The very first night of his incarceration a most splendid feast was given at the prison. Intercessions were made for his release upon bail, but in vain; all that could be obtained was to mitigate, as much as possible, the rigors of his captivity. He was constantly served in the most sumptuous manner, and so accustomed to this high style of living, that once a chicken, a pigeon, with a salad and custard, being served for his supper, he thought proper to find the fare incomplete, and indignantly dashed the mess on the ground. Adnet, the notary, called him in his prison, *Monsigneur*, and was most graciously rewarded with the appellation of, *Mon petit page, mon petit valet de chambre d'amitié.*

Thus he acted his part dispassionately, and with an air of the utmost importance. Going to mass, a servant carried his prayer-book and cushion. He appointed a secretary, and made him sign in his name that of Louis Charles. Where a man bears a great name, said he to the justices, he is sure to be exposed to persecution. The Mayor of Vitry, owing to the great concourse of people, found himself, at last, under the necessity of putting him under closer confinement, and, at the same time, intercepted the enormous supplies of wine and good cheer sent for his use. No person, but those absolutely necessary to attend him, was permitted admission without a ticket.

Meanwhile, his offence was by no means considered in a political view, but merely as a matter belonging to the correctional police, to the enquiry and

punishment of which it was accordingly left. Madame Saignes was likewise taken up as his accomplice; but there being no proof to convict her, was acquitted in consequence. Hervagault, in the beginning of the year 1802, was sentenced to four years imprisonment, as a sharper and abuser of the credulity of the people, and confined accordingly in the house of correction at Ostend. Both the delinquent and the Attorney-general, though upon different grounds, appealed against this sentence to the government.

The matter was now to be treated at Rheims, when a new and very important actor suddenly burst upon the scene of this tragi-comedy. The aged Prelate L. de S. . . . Bishop de V. . . . a man venerable for his integrity, universally respected for the austerity of his manners, and his profound learning,

expressed his conviction, that Hervagault was the real and genuine Dauphin. He had even spoken to the surgeons that had anatomised the corpse of the pretended Dauphin in the Temple, who had informed him it was not that of the real one. He resolved upon freeing his young Monarch from the chains of captivity, lent out considerable sums to effect this purpose, abandoned the very functions of his office, came to Rheims, corresponded with the prisoner by means of the keeper of the jail, and thought himself sure of his being the identical person. The dauphin's death, appeared to him a mere political lie of the National Convention. He even thought it his duty to give to the neglected prince a good education, and endeavoured to accomplish this end with the purest and sincerest intentions. He sent him amongst other works one day, *Le*

Genie du Christianisme by *Chateaubriant*, and the tragedy of Athalia, upon which he received, to his surprise this answer: "Do you mock me? all this I know by heart."

All the fears of the prelate were, lest the object of his care should be sentenced to transportation. To prevent this, he strained every nerve, and made use of the interest of every friend he could command in Paris: he drew up a list of those persons to whom he intended to entrust the fate of the dauphin. In it were found, amongst others, the names of Brissac, Necker, Madame de Stael, Montesson, Roquelaure, Angouleme, Talleyrand, Puys de Segur, Boufflers, La Harpe, &c. Some believed him, some did not; some called him a *Blondel*, some a *Joab*. The correspondence was carried on in cyphers; it even went so far, that the project was formed to

marry the dauphin with a distant relation of the royal family. Hervagault at first seemed to wave the proposal, for he had (as the reader will presently be informed) sworn the oath of fidelity and affection to the queen of Portugal's most amiable sister, but from political motives he yielded, and it was resolved to make levies of men for his service.

But ere these negociations could possibly ripen, the trial before the criminal tribunal at Rheims was once more publicly revised, and that in the presence of a numerous multitude of people, who all were in favour of the accused, loudly murmured against the prosecuting Attorney-general, and with enthusiastic fervour applauded the official defender of Hervagault. The judges, however, would not suffer themselves to be misguided, and confirmed the original sentence. While they were deliberating on

the subject in another room, the most painful anxiety was depicted in the countenance of every spectator in court. Hervagault heard his sentence with composure, with a smile of contempt; and his partisans, instead of giving credit to the juridical decision, obstinately persevered in their former pre-conceived opinion. They continued to wait on him with royal service in the place of his detention. He had by him, amongst other effects, a silver cup, on which were the letters L. C. (Louis Charles) engraved and decorated with an antique French crown. This he pretended to the jailer was his cypher. None of his adherents deserted his cause; on the contrary, their zeal redoubled, and the venerable Bishop of V..... always headed them. Nay, the latter did not confine his zeal to presents and good advice, he even resolved most actively to

exert himself; and being informed that it was intended to bring his illustrious pupil from Rheims to Soissons, he determined to rescue him on the road from the hands of his persecutors. This youthful project of an old head was betrayed; the Bishop and his papers were seized; and it evidently appeared upon proof, that it was his intention to make the taylor's son of St. Lo act the part of the dauphin. The government, however, had compassion on the hoary dotard, and gave him his liberty. Hervagault himself had fared better, if the least prospect of amendment had appeared in his conduct; but as he formed another junto of partisans at Soissons, it was thought proper to make him disappear.

In order to render it conceivable how so many persons of rank and knowledge of the world, should have suffered themselves to be made the dupes of this raw

youngster, people ought themselves to have heard him tell his story. With great emotion he would remember how Louis XVI., his father, used to give him lessons in history and geography in the Temple. In the tone of the most ingenuous simplicity he would talk of a little bitch called *Fidèle*, of which Marie Antoinette, his mother, was very fond.

The most minute details he described with infantile vivacity, nor did he forget that Simon, his jailer, used to wake him in the dead of night, to convince himself that he had not been carried off. "I was obliged," said he, "to perform the meanest drudgery, which affected my health."—"The ninth Thermidor alleviated the miseries of many victims of the revolution as well as mine; they gave me better clothes, more wholesome victuals, and even allowed me the

ersions suitable to my age. My sis- was permitted to come to me, to eat l play. What a moment was the t of our reunion! (he always wept terly when speaking of this inter- w.) Meanwhile my health became itinually more impaired, and the pri- n air must have killed me, had not the rd decreed to send me relief. One y, about the latter end of May, 1795, I was just going to dose, one of my epers, whom I always liked for his ldness, accosted me, and whispering id, "My dear child, you would on die in this prison, but people who e you, though utter strangers, let u know that, if you keep the secret, y will soon bring you to a place ere you shall be at full liberty, and y with children of your own age." swallowed his words with avidity, mised to reveal nothing, and waited

with anxiety the fulfilment of his promise. On the following evening, about the same time, a cart with clean linen came into the court-yard to be unloaded, and to take in another quantity of foul. Among this linen was laid concealed a very sickly looking child, about my age. A strong man in a sailor's dress took me in his arms, put me amongst a parcel of the foul things, and only a small aperture kept me from suffocation; the last thing that I saw in my prison, was the sick child, whom they put in my bed. I was rather roughly flung into the bottom of the cart, and without any farther obstruction conveyed to *Chaillot*. As soon as we got out of the Temple, they gave me a little more air, but on approaching the barriers they covered me again entirely. At Passy I was carried, still packed up, into a low room, where I was quite at liberty. Here I

saw three strange men, who threw themselves at my feet, and seemed to be quite beside themselves with joy. They quickly put on me female attire, placed me in a post-chaise, and drove along the road to La Vendée to the army of the royalists. How it came about that I should be liberated, I was not informed till a long time afterwards. After Robespierre's fall, the ruling factions were divided among themselves, and many were not disinclined to the restoration of royalty; overtures were made to the Vendean royalists, and negociations opened with them by Rouelle, a member of the National Convention; and one of the conditions which the former insisted upon was, my being delivered up to them; to which, however, the committee of public welfare added the restriction, that my deliverance should at first be kept a secret, and another child

substituted in my place. After long and violent debates, the royalists assented to the measure. The only difficulty was to find a proper subject of a child to replace me. Count Louis de Trotte undertook it, and sent the Abbé Laurent for this purpose into Normandy, attended by his adjutant Du Hamel. They bribed one Hervagault, a taylor at St. Lo, to sacrifice, for a consideration of 200,000 francs, for the general good, his son, who resembled me. They otherwise assured the taylor that he had nothing to dread for his son's life, and they even concealed it from him that the stripling should be lulled into a sound sleep, by means of a strong dose of opium.

"There were but three persons in the Temple who knew the secret; this was the jailer's wife, the above-mentioned turnkey, and the sweeper of the prison.

It was the latter who carried me out, and delivered me at Passy to Messrs. De Trotte du Chatelier and Abbé Laurent. Two hours after my deliverance, the celebrated Dessault, to whose care I had been entrusted, came into the Temple, when the too strong dose of opium had lulled the child, which was laid in my bed, into a lethargic slumber resembling death. Dessault was going to feel his pulse without waking him, but on laying his hand upon his body, he perceived such a difference between it and mine, that he uttered a shriek, and his amazement was changed into the most violent fright, when, upon close inspection, no doubt remained of its being another child. He remained near a full hour in mute amazement. He considered his responsibility, the danger he was in, and finally resolved to screen himself by sending a secret re-

port, perfectly congenial to the truth, to the committee of public welfare, where Rovere, the then president, who was in the secret, after the first paroxysms of violence in his astonished and furious colleagues had subsided, proved to them that silence would be the best remedy, particularly so as there was every appearance that the strange and sickly child would die, in which case it would be perfectly easy to persuade all Europe, that the real dauphin was dead. Dessault was summoned before the committee, and loaded with such bitter reproaches, that, overwhelmed with grief and vexation, he fell into a disease, which, baffling all the skill of medicine, proved fatal to him. My little substitute died likewise. Dessault's successor, upon dissection of the body, was equally sensible that it was not mine, and consequently made use of the following equi-

vocal phrase, in the *procès verbal*: "*Nous sommes procédés à l'ouverture d'un cadavre, que les commissaires nous présentèrent comme celui du fils de Louis Capet.*" i. e. "We proceeded to the opening of a corpse, which the commissioners presented to us as that of the son of Louis Capet."

"In the mean time I kept lolling in the carriage upon the high road with my deliverers. The fresh air, and the jolting of the vehicle, at first made me swoon away, but getting habituated to both, the free aspect of nature afforded me unspeakable delight. The motion, of which I had so long been deprived, and the good substantial food I was supplied with, visibly strengthened my health. We safely arrived at Belleville, the head-quarters of the royalists, where apartments were assigned to me in the castle, with a kind of governess. Mes-

sengers were sent in quest of Charrette, who happened just then not to be at hand. He came to visit me with Stofflet, viewed me very attentively, was cold, spoke but little, but shewed me every mark of respect. In what manner the negociations of peace were broken off, owing to the perfidy of the republicans, is a fact of public notoriety. The unlucky expedition of Quiberon produced likewise a disastrous influence upon my fate. The cabinet of St. James's and the French princes, particularly the Count d'Artois, would hear nothing of a limited monarchy, to which the royalists had consented, for the sake of which the republicans had surrendered my person. I became the sacrifice of this political scion, with the aid of the subtle Puysaye. Charrette himself, whom I often accompanied on horseback, earnestly forbade me to make *my quality* known. The rumour of

my death constantly gained more credit; those few who were better informed durst not expose themselves and me to danger.

"At last England desired my surrender, partly under the pretext of identifying my person, partly because without that I must be acknowledged by the coalesced powers. I was therefore embarked on the coast of St. Jean de Monts; and, attended by the Chevalier de la Roberie I landed at Jersey, where the prince de Bouillon gave me a very flattering reception. The chevalier had a declaration with him, signed by the chiefs of the royalists, in which they acknowledged me for the legitimate son and heir of Louis the XVIth. The same secretly happened on the part of the Duc de Bouillon. He was, however, prevented by the gout from following me all the way to England.

"On my arrival in London, I was immediately introduced to the Duc de Harcourt, ambassador of the French Princes at the British court, who received me coolly, and asked me several impertinent questions, which I thought beneath my notice. The Count d'Artois refused to see me, from which it became evident that they harboured intentions, to the realization of which I had proved an obstacle. In the interval, the Chevalier de la Roberie procured me a secret audience of his Britannic Majesty, who had been kept in the dark with respect to many things. Though his majesty, by the advice of his ministers, could not acknowledge me publicly; yet apartments were fitted up for me in the palace, where I was served with suitable dignity, and experienced a kind of paternal treatment. Sometimes the king

himself used to play with me like a child, on which occasion I once gave him a box on the ear. My uncle was so enraged at the reception I met with, that he once ordered a cook of his to poison my soup. This foul purpose, however, was discovered in due time, and an antidote quickly administered. The king was going to order my uncle into confinement, but, by my own intercession, I averted from him the thunderbolt of vengeance. My life was now no longer safe in England, for which reason the king, however reluctantly he parted with me, resolved to send me to Rome and Portugal with the most powerful recommendations.

"I set out attended by a trusty old domestic, and loaded with presents, among which there was a mahogany box lined with gold, containing instruc-

tions for princes destined to ascend a throne. The king of England had signed them with his own hand; and losing afterwards all my effects, the loss of this most precious deposit grieved me the most. Embarking at Portsmouth, I landed, after a long voyage, in the harbour of Ostia; from whence I went to Rome, where I delivered a letter to Pope Pius VII. in the king of England's own hand-writing. His holiness was astonished, blessed, caressed, was even secretly going to anoint me; and, in order to recognize me again, he caused the arms of France to be imprinted on my right leg, and the words *Vive le Roi* to be branded upon my left arm. This happened in the presence of twenty cardinals. I then went through Spain to Portugal.

"In the former country I saw none of my relations but the Duchess of Or-

leans, who prostrated herself at my feet without my being able to prevent her; I took no step to be presented at the court of Madrid, because I well knew how much it depended on France. But in Portugal my reception surpassed every expectation of mine. Never shall I forget Lisbon, the banks of the Tagus, and the palace of Quelus! There I first became acquainted with love. The queen, who shewed the most decided partiality for me, promised me the hand of her charming sister, the princess Benedictina, dowager of the prince of Brazil. Her majesty likewise used every endeavour to interest the potentates of Europe in my fate; to her I stand indebted for a declaration signed by the ambassadors of nine sovereigns, (England, Portugal, the emperor of Germany, Prussia, Sardinia, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and the Pope) by which I was

formally acknowledged, and promised succour. This declaration must still remain among the archives of the court of Portugal. Meanwhile, the ebb and flood of the revolution had brought on another chain of plans and events.

" Rovere and Pichegru recalled me to France, and thought themselves certain of the success of their project. I bade a painful farewell to the noble and hospitable court of Portugal, and to my dearly beloved Benedictina. I landed at Hamburgh, went to Berlin, and had a secret audience at Potsdam of his Prussian majesty, who received me with esteem and affection. From hence I hastened into Switzerland, and waited at Bellevau, Pichegru's country seat, for letters from France. They came, and I was apprised that it was now a favourable period, and should set out immediately. I set off in my female disguise,

and had already got as far as Auxerre, when I was informed that my party had temporised too long, and that the 18th of Fructidor had blasted my every hope. Accustomed to the tricks of fortune, I remained collected, immediately changed my route, and by short journies reached the department of Calvados, where I hoped to effect my escape in a fishing boat to Jersey. I actually embarked, but was driven on shore by some English cruisers. Here I was taken up as a suspected person, and transported to Cherbourg. I made my escape, fell among some banditti, came almost stark-naked to Paris, was scantily supported by some old and trusty servants of my father's, and following their advice, was on the point of flying to Germany, but stopped again near Chalons, was delivered up, sentenced. The reader knows the rest."

It must be confessed, that it is almost inconceivable how an uncultivated taylor's son, from St. Lo, could invent a story so artfully contrived.

This is still the argument made use of by his partisans. His narrative, they say, bears the stamp of truth; and if the Dauphin has not been entirely sent out of the world, he will some time or other appear again, bring back the golden times into our fields, and promote to high honours his faithful adherents.

THE GALLERY OF PAINTINGS OF LUCIEN BONAPARTE

is open for the public in general. The proprietor is so complaisant at the approach of strangers, as to withdraw into other rooms. I have twice seen it, and the last time in the presence of the very amiable owner, who interested me not

only by his unassuming knowledge, but also by his domestic conduct. Carrying his child in his arms, playing with it, and conversing with me; plain in his dress and manners, he left a grateful recollection in my mind.

His gallery is select, and here I saw a picture, which, among the many thousands I have seen in my life, has made the profoundest, the most lasting and most indelible impression upon me. It is Marcus Sextus by Guerin, a sickly young painter. Marcus Sextus returns home and finds his wife dead. He is seen standing before the corpse, holding her cold and pale hand between his fingers, and staring with fixed looks before him. His daughter, weeping, embraces his feet. This is the whole group; the total effect of which is interrupted by nothing. Never did a painter or poet express profounder feeling, than this

Guerin: mute despair has never been more eloquently pencilled. The soul of this Marcus Sextus is quite dissolved, and only the last sensation, previous to her dissolution, remained in the torpid corpse. He knows not that he is holding the lifeless hand of his spouse between his own; he knows not that his poor child is moaning at his feet; nor does he really *feel* his wretchedness, for he seems lost to animation. Good God! it is impossible to tarry even a minute before this picture, without tears gushing from your eyes, and even long after leaving it, you see in every corner the heart-rending figure; even now, while I am writing, it stands in a lively manner before me, and makes me shudder with nameless woe. Here I ought to mention an anecdote which does great honour to the French artists. At the first exhibition in the Louvre, of

I forget what picture, it was received with so much approbation, that even the rivals of the painter crowned it with a garland. Some days after, Guerin brought his *Hippolite accusé par Phédre*; the crowned painter espying this master-piece, this creation of the most kindred feelings allied with the arts, flew, hastily seized his garland, and hung it on *Hippolite*. His colleagues, sharing in his enthusiasm, desired that Guerin's portrait, painted in a masterly manner by Robert Lefebure, should be suspended by the same picture, which was done accordingly. Lucien Bonaparte, who is capable of feeling those beauties of Marcus Sextus which are out of the province of the arts, seeing this portrait, instantly purchased it for one thousand francs. I dare prophecy, that within the course of one century, the value of this picture will be enhanced tenfold,

and that every man of feeling will wander a pilgrim to see it. It is, they say, to be engraven on copper-plate: this I am sorry for, since it is impossible that these plastic colours can be imitated by the *burin*.

A Holy Family, by Raphael, one of his earlier performances, is likewise a fair blossom of fancy; and David's Belisarius a ripe fruit. This collection contains a number of valuable paintings of the old Italian school, which enraptured the connoisseur; but Lucien does not disdain the moderns, and posterity will thank him for it, for they are no way inferior to the ancients, except in age: they equal their predecessors in the art, and even excel them in the expressiveness of poesy. Among the rest there is an old woman, once of quality and property, who, by lending her money to the state, was by the national

bankruptcy reduced to beggary: appearance bespeaks her blind, yet she is decently dressed: her features betray no vulgarity, and she sits, leaning on her staff, before a house: a charming boy stands facing her, whose dress shews the traces of better times; perhaps her grandson. With woeful countenance, and tear-bedewed eyes, he holds his hat to the passengers. This hat is empty, and in the front of the house, against which the old woman supports her back, there is to be read, among many other handbills, advertising balls, concerts, and lotteries, the proffered reward of twenty-five louis-d'ors for a dog lost. This picture, a superb performance, contains a bitter satire on the French revolution. I likewise found the figure of a boy, who falls asleep as he is reading a book; and that of a girl, who wishes to drink out of a bason of milk, but is

prevented by another child from drinking too much, extremely pretty. The little fellow wantonly pushes her forehead with his hand, and on his forehead are legibly engraved the words, "Why, you leave nothing for me!" Let St. Stephen, pierced with arrows, be suspended by the side of this amiable group! A couple of female chess players, by a master of a more ancient school, likewise gave me pleasure. This gallery can surely not fail of soon being one of the first in France; for Lucien's taste being now so well known, master-pieces of the arts are offered him for sale from every quarter, and I found a number placed round the walls, waiting his determination.

Lucien is likewise in possession of several fine antiques; amongst others, of a Cupid in high value with amateurs; he bought all these in a sale by auction

at Malaga, being part of the cargo of an English ship taken by a French privateer. These things belonged to an Englishman, whose name I do not recollect, but who afterwards offered fifty thousand francs more than Lucien did, provided his effects were restored to him. Lucien immediately ordered that sum to be paid him, by way of indemnity.

By the by I must mention, that there is no house in Paris where there is such a general temperature of warmth in all the apartments in winter as in Lucien's palace. These are heated in the same manner as the superb hall of the council of Five Hundred. Fourcroy has a similar contrivance in his dining-hall, immediately below the table, which at first proves very acceptable to the guests in winter, but soon grows troublesome, and as warm as a bath.

THE GALLERY OF MANUSCRIPTS.

I PASS over in silence the superb National Library, which, even thirteen years ago, contained upwards of three hundred thousand volumes, and has since been considerably augmented. The powers of description are baffled; for he that has not time to study these treasures, for months together, wanders through vast halls overstocked with books, as through a pathless forest, and can say of those no more than of these, "I have seen *books*"—"I have seen *trees*." I would, however, desire Russians to pay attention to a chart of the Caspian Sea, drawn by Peter the Great himself, and left as a present during his stay in France.

I immediately conduct the reader into the gallery of eighty-four thousand manuscripts, which the learned and cele-

brated Langles shewed me with so much kindness and complaisance, that I cannot help even now feeling the liveliest sensations of gratitude. Previous to the revolution, the number of these manuscripts did not exceed thirty-five thousand; but the sword of the conqueror amassed rich spoils, particularly in the Vatican at Rome, and at Venice. I will name here what still hovers in my memory, and what may be interesting even to the unlettered.

Manuscript letters of Henry IV. to his Mistress. Most of them have in fact already appeared in print, but they make a much livelier impression when seen in Henry's own hand-writing, and by holding the same sheet of paper once perused by the beauteous eyes of his charmer.

Such, too, is the case with the manuscript of Fenelon's Telemachus, in which

the corrections of the author deserve particular notice.

A book of devotion, on purple parchment, of the sixth century, derives its value merely from its great antiquity: but the Epistles of Paul in Greek, of the same epoch, become additionally remarkable by a particular anecdote. An Englishman was once studying almost every day in the library, and being considered as an honest man of letters, they watched him but little. The learned rogue, however, stole several chapters out of Paul, which he most artfully cut out, and carried his spoil to Oxford. Much time elapsed before the theft was observed; but when it happened, the then keeper of the manuscripts, the Abbé Sallier, was so much shocked at it, that he fell sick and died. Search was made for the perpetrator; the plun-

dered chapters were discovered in the Oxford library, claimed, and his Britannic Majesty ordered them to be delivered up immediately.

I found a most ancient manuscript of Terence, with the marks at the beginning of each piece, and several scenes painted between, particularly interesting. They contain a number of things which the learned antiquaries themselves are not now able to account for, and probably served to point out the decorations, which were often merely denoted by symbols. For example, a square machine, not larger than a common door, covered over with ropes like a net, divided the theatre as it were into two parts.

These things are followed by the Koran brought by Charles V. from Morocco; an Indian novel, with fine lively

pictures, invaluable for illustrating the costumes and usages of India, containing at the end a widow, who is burning herself with the corpse of her husband, with this inscription underneath: *These flames arise to my love.*

A number of Chinese portraits exhibit rarity to the view. A French book, embellished with fine paintings by a Bramin; Hindoo manuscripts, on palm-leaves, many of which are still unknown, amongst others a poem, containing the whole cosmogony of the Indians; a large board brought from China, proving that the Christian religion had penetrated into that empire as early as the seventh century: its being genuine is particularly discoverable by the Syriac initials, which the bishops then made use of; various manuscripts, with pretty portraits, missals most elegantly bound, &c.

This, indeed, is sure to arrest the attention even of the unlettered, ladies not excepted, in the gallery of manuscripts.

INSTITUTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE successor of the celebrated De l'Epée, Sicard, whose fame likewise is not of an equivocal description, had been ill for some time, and was obliged to postpone the usual public sittings; for which reason there was a crowded audience when he sent his invitations for the first time after his recovery. The hall could scarcely contain the number of strangers; its only ornament was the bust of the Abbe de l'Epée. Rows of benches are raised in an amphitheatrical form; the deaf and dumb sit on the foremost, but Sicard mounted a professional chair.

Notwithstanding his recent indisposition, he spoke almost without interrup-

tion from half-past twelve till after four o'clock, consequently almost five hours, of which, however, he in a certain measure beguiled us, for nobody thought it had been longer than two hours. Those foreign journals that reproach him with quackery, in my opinion, wrong him. There is nothing of this kind in his character; and if he sometimes makes his pupils play some tricks, it is very venial in him, for how should he for such a length of time entertain so large and so mixed an assembly?

On the day I was present he did more; nay, even too much for an audience which mostly consisted of ladies. He displayed his method and its design, which is to make men of those unfortunates, to remove the obstacles opposed by their defective organization, and to apply the means of remedying them. He demonstrated, that a deaf and dumb

person could be made acquainted not only with all the usual things obvious to the senses, but even the most abstract truths.

Massieu, his most intelligent pupil, is certainly an extraordinary being, and his mental efforts, if they may be called so, excite astonishment. A man of learning among the audience once put his abilities to the test, by difficult problems, which he solved with admirable ingenuity. He was, for instance, to express the notion of *Etre Eternel* (Eternal Being), though the notion of *être* is already of itself so difficult. The latter, however, was familiar to him, and he soon found it out. Sicard asked him by signs whether there was an *être* to which this appellation belonged exclusively. He hesitated for a moment, and at last, struck as it were with the quickness of lightning, and with joy spark-

ling in his eyes, he wrote on the board *Dieu!* and added, a moment afterwards, with a kind of triumph, *être des êtres!* At another time, when Massieu, guided by his master, was analysing the verb to will, *(vouloir)* with all its divisions and subdivisions, one of the audience wished him to define the word *velléité*, which is known to be intranslatable, and signifies as much as a *half-will*. Sicard assured him that this uncommon word had never been dictated, and Massieu had never read it; but he immediately began with much readiness to develope the notions to him, or rather to let him develope them himself, that he might discover it alone. Had there been any imposition here, it must have been very nicely contrived, and both teacher and pupil must have been great actors. Massieu was evidently weary of attempting the discovery, and after

long reflections, he wrote down *pétite volonté*. Sicard approved it, but gave him to understand it must be expressed in a *single word*. He now seemed much embarrassed, and at last wrote down on the table, "to comply with this request, I must call the Latin tongue to my assistance, and, according to its analogy, try to create a word." He then wrote down *velleté* and *vellité*, so that there was only one letter wanting.

Their last performance of skill was the following: Massieu dictated by signs out of a book which had just been published, and was wholly unknown to him, to another deaf and dumb person, who copied exactly word for word what was dictated. At last, a pretty little girl came, and read from the board, with an audible voice, what had been copied. The letter *e* was the only one she could not pronounce, being at the

end, and in that case pronounced through the nose in French; an operation which, being internal, cannot be taught these unfortunate people.

It was moving, and remarkable, to hear Sicard address all the mothers present, intreating them to apply his method likewise to sound children, which is to let them find and invent by themselves that which they are to be taught, as this was the only method to teach them any thing of permanent utility. (In the German establishments for education, this method has long ago been introduced). Sicard several times begged pardon of the ladies assembled, for too often losing himself in the depths of metaphysics.

This request was partly superfluous, as the ladies paid no attention to it; but I think he is in the wrong, in so mixed an assembly, to enter into such minute

details; he should for this purpose choose a narrower circle, as the disturbance to which the attentive observers were exposed on the day I was there would then be less to be apprehended. The hall had long been crowded, all the doors were shut, and the operations had begun, when every moment somebody wanted to enter, and the doors not being opened quick enough, they impudently drummed against them with their fists.

The pupils appeared in general to be lively, particularly the girls, who were always making gesticulations to each other.

When a new pupil is admitted, the others immediately give him a name, which is dictated by the opinion they conceive of his ingenuity, and by this they form a sign. They have, for instance, one for Sicard, which implies, that he usually inclines his head some-

what to the right. Sicard's delivery is manly, perspicuous, and energetic, and he even sometimes strays into the regions of poetry; sometimes too his lessons are too plain, as if they were for absolute blockheads. He often begged attention, which became very necessary indeed.

THE FRENCH THEATRES.

THERE being no less than seventeen or eighteen theatres in the French capital, in which plays are daily acted, it is evident that they must possess different merit. Some are excellent, some good, some middling, and some very bad.

The *Theatre François* is the first in rank and perfection. Respecting the French manner of acting tragedies, I have already given my opinion in several passages of my work. I cannot bear them, precisely because they are acted in a particular manner. All the French he-

roes are moulded in one form; they have only one way of expressing sentiment and passion; he who has seen but one of their tragedies has seen them all. Some of the principal actors at the *Theatre François* are sometimes an exception in this respect, and the matchless Talma always. He himself owns that he endeavours to blend the German with the French manner. Those who envy him blame him on this account; but the great effect which he always produces on the audience plainly proves that he affects the heart.

Talma is a handsome man, with a mild and melancholy physiognomy, which, however, expresses every passion. He speaks with a great deal of sound reason on nature and art, and on the great dispute between the French and the Germans, who do homage sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, exclu-

sively. The union of both, he justly observes, would make both triumphant. He has seen foreign theatres. *Examine every thing, and retain the good,* is his motto.

I will name some pieces which I have seen performed on the *Theatre François.* The part of Tancred was very well sustained by Lafond; but all the other parts were very indifferently acted. Armenide fell to the share of an actress, who went through two characters in the same piece. *Les Deux Frères* (my own *Versöhnung oder Bruders Zwist,* translated into French) was as charmingly represented as any thing I ever saw, or probably ever shall see again. Baptiste, as Captain, and Michot, as Hans Buller, were matchless and inimitable. Mademoiselle Mars, as Charlotte, was inexpressibly amiable, full of *naïveté,* modesty, refinement, and innocence: it is impos-

sible not to be bewitched by this youngest of the graces. Damas, as Doctor, &c. was good. Indeed, to see one's own productions thus performed, is real enjoyment! At the representation of *Les Deux Frères*, I recollected, in a very lively manner, the Vienna Theatre, where its most interesting passages were selected, and the best acting bestowed upon them. This piece of mine, I am informed, upon its first introduction, had a great cabal to conquer; but it constantly rose in reputation, and is now a favourite piece among the Parisians.

Le Tasse was represented with alterations. I do not know what this piece might have been before it was altered; but this I know, that it will always remain a bad piece, particularly in the opinion of those who are acquainted with the works of Göcthe. It has, however, some good situations. The mo-

ment at which Tasse recovers from his delirium was represented, by Lafond, in a manner to make you shudder, and acted with great truth. But the Princess (Mademoiselle Fleury), a woman in her forties, made Tasse's amorous madness appear quite inconceivable. *L'Homme à Bonnes Fortunes* is such an old comedy, that now-a-days it will scarcely pass as a farce. I was astonished at Dazincourt, whom a Frenchman, that happened to be near me, represented as one of the best comedians of the old school; and he certainly is an excellent servant in comic pieces; but when he puts on his master's clothes to seek also his *bonnes fortunes*, when he steeps his pocket handkerchief into the lavender-water, and, finding it afterwards too wet, wrings it into the prompter's box without offence to the delicacy of the Parisians, I expressed my surprise to my neighbour,

who became embarrassed, and gave it as his opinion, that Dazincourt was such a favourite with the public, that they would permit him to do any thing.

In *Zaire*, Mademoiselle Volney, a pretty young girl, acted her part tolerably well; and Lafond, in Orosman, appeared frightful. After the play was over, both were called upon the stage. The noise lasted more than a quarter of an hour before Mademoiselle Volney appeared, and, after dropping a slight curtesy, she immediately retired. Lafond, notwithstanding all the clamours, did not appear. The music struck up, and the vociferations were still continued. The curtain was raised, and the second piece going to begin; but the audience would not permit the performers to speak. At last one of the actors came forward, and said: "Gentlemen, our comrade is not well," which satis-

fied the people. *Les Projets de Mariage*, by Duval, is a pretty piece, and was very much applauded. In *Andromaque*, I saw, for the first time, Mademoiselle Duchesnois in the character of Hermione. I was often asked, whether I liked her better than her beautiful rival, Mademoiselle George. To this I generally avoided giving an answer; but when that was impracticable, I frankly owned that neither of them particularly struck my fancy. In the first place, Mademoiselle Duchesnois is much uglier than an actress ought to be; in the second place, she has, with all the defects of the French manner, another entirely her own; I mean a kind of singing tone in her declamation, and then she dwells with all her force on several syllables in every line. Add to all this, that her whole manner is evidently studied; she seems almost constantly, as it were,

placed before a looking-glass; not a word comes from the heart, or is inspired by nature; all is art upon art. On the other hand, Talma, in Orestes, is very capital. If I had never heard him repeat any thing but his last soliloquy in *Andromaque*, I should know enough of him to maintain, that he is one of the greatest actors that ever lived, or will live.

I find my old observation daily confirmed, that the French have no other motion to denote a noble dignity, than to turn their back upon you; a thing which they are likewise apt to do in many other instances. The gay farce of *Monsieur de Crac* I saw, to my surprise, worse represented here than at Geneva.

In the *Orphelin de la Chine*, Mademoiselle George appeared as Idamé, a majestic beauty, though somewhat disfigur-

ed by the unpleasant Chinese costume. She is tall and stout, shaped like a queen, is reported to be but seventeen, and looks five and twenty. She acts well, does not shriek so much as her rival, and sometimes declaims in moving accents. Though she pleased me, in some measure, yet I cannot say that she altogether answered my expectation. There was another of the actors who played very badly the first-rate character assigned to him. In *Tancred*, I was obliged to put up with him as Arzire; in *Zaire*, even as Lusignan; and, at last, as Idamé's spouse. The public laughed at him once or twice. Unfortunately there is no other actor for this cast of parts, except Monvel, who is old and infirm. *L'Impertinent* was very well given by St. Phal.

In *La Metromanie*, Fleury is a very able comic actor: he still completely re-

tains the former refined *ton*: we have only to regret that he is too aged to perform the part of a lover. A new piece by one Longchamp, entitled, *Le pauvre Garçon Malade*, was interrupted by a violent uproar, and the performance was not suffered to proceed. The decorations were very pretty, and when the curtain was raised the piece was much applauded. A young man, who had sprained his leg, and was not able to stand upon it, was lying on a couch. A few steps from him, on a table, was a gold snuff-box. A thief enters and robs him of it before his eyes, without his being able to stir in order to prevent it. (Loud hisses). His mistress, who is in search of him, is in the next room, without knowing that he is in the house. She accidentally happens to see the snuff-box, which she had herself given to her lover, in the hands of a stranger, and

purchases it. Her father, who does r
know the snuff-box, is pleased with l
cheap bargain, and takes it from h
(More hisses). He finds the time hz
heavy on his hands in the public-hou
and has a mind to play a game at ch
The landlord brings him to the patie
who also feels himself irksome;
neither of them knows the other. T
play, and the old man happens to
the box down: the young man im
diately recognises it, and charges
visitor with the theft. (Hisses).
prove that the snuff-box really belc
to him, he opens a secret corner,
shews him his daughter's portrait. (
plause). How the piece would te
nate might be easily guessed.
hisses were at one time so violent,
the performers were obliged to quit
stage, having listened long enough
this music. But now one part of

audience began to applaud, while the other continued to hiss, in such a manner as to make the ears ring. Baptiste, who was playing the part of the father, came forward, and discreetly asked, whether they would allow the piece to go on or not? "Yes! yes!" resounded from all parts of the house. The play was now resumed, but the hissing immediately become so strong, that the last scene was entirely lost. Meanwhile some called out: *C'est mauvais!* others *paix! silence!* and then again *la toile!* or down with the curtain! in short no pen can describe this noise.

I have been assured that the men take whistles with bellows under both arms and in both shoes to the theatre, so that they seem to applaud with their hands, while they are only moving them to put the hissing whistles in motion; and as often as they stand on tip-toe and let

their heels sink again, the whistling sounds from both their shoes.

The representation of my drama of Misanthropy and Repentance had been long delayed by the illness of an actor. Madame Talma played Eulalia very well, and St. Phal Meinan much worse than I expected. For, in the first place, so lusty a man should never act such a part; secondly, the actor should never rave in such a frightful manner; and thirdly, he should not be dressed like a journeyman mechanic. He wears an old fashioned dark blue coat, with yellow buttons, a scarlet waistcoat, black breeches, and boots higher than the knees. When I expressed my surprise at this strange custom, they replied: *C'est Allemand* (It is German). It was in vain for me to argue and to shew my own frock, which had been made in Germany. They insisted upon it it was *le costume*

Allemand. I concluded with assuring them that only the German journeyman butchers wore such dresses, and would not waste another word. Meinan several times seized himself by the breast with so violent a gripe, that it was every moment to be feared lest he should tumble headlong into the pit.

Philante, by Moliere, likewise afforded some fine acting by Fleury. He even wore epaulets on rich regimentals. If the costume *à la Moliere* were to be generally adopted, I should have nothing to object; but as the ladies appeared drest in the newest fashion *à la Grecque*, this mixture is both ridiculous and repugnant to taste.

In *Dido* Mademoiselle George appeared in the display of her queen-like beauty. The tyger-skin, and the quiver about her shoulders and neck, the bow in her hand, made her the most charming

Diana; and a thouſand actors, heedless of danger, would not resist the temptation to surprize her in the bath: but her acting was very indifferent; I cannot pass over in silence a trait of the deportment of the public on this occasion. Some trifling applause being once heard, a whistle immediately resounded in the pit. This she really did not deserve. The public, too, with a lively resentment of the injustice done her, finding that but a few had just applauded, gave the loudest bursts of acclamation. But the whistler would not be put out of tune; for no sooner was all quiet again, than his instrument reechoed anew. Now too, the whole pit, moved as it were by one impulse, impetuously roared, "turn him out;" (*à la porte*). But it being impossible to discover the whistler, and one person always pointing at another, the pit, animated as

it were by one soul, resolved, instead of giving way any further to their loud marks of dissatisfaction with the whistler, to testify their loud applause of the whistled. They again turned, as if pulled with one string, towards the stage, exclaiming amidst the loudest plaudits; *bravo! bravo!* so that the very pillars shook. During this whole scene, which might have lasted about five minutes, the situation of poor George was past description. She stood with downcast eyes, her head sunk, and folded hands, and the blood in her cheeks really outglowed the rouge. She was indeed a most moving beauty.

L'épreuve Nouvelle, by *Marivaux*, is an insignificant piece; but it was so charmingly acted upon the whole, that it pleased me. Mademoiselle Mars, in particular was inexpressibly amiable. She is a favourite of the public, and yet ex-

tremely modest. "I have had no *débuts*" saidshe. "I slipt into the *Theatre Francois* with trifling insignificant parts, and this is now attended with the advantage, that I have no greater reputation to support." Exclusive of this she is a very modest girl, bears an excellent character, rejects all offers, and remains invariably faithful to her first engagements.

After a long illness Monvel again made his appearance in Cinna. He is a very good actor, but the part of an emperor was just at that time too much for him. It is a pity that age should not render his merit respectable. The Chief Consul was present at the same representation, and he is said never to respect Cinna. People are curious to learn, whether in such a situation, he will not say likewise: *Soyons amis, Cinna!* Mademoiselle George is, as usual, very handsome, and not much more. Talma, in

general, acts Cinna, and is deified for it. The day I saw it, Lafond supplied his place in a double character.—By the bye I cannot help noticing here, that the French actors, since the revolution, have made a singular change in their pronunciation; they say, for instance, instead of, *mon cœur*, *mon sort*, &c. *mun cœur*, *mun sort*. Such is the change which has taken place almost on every French stage, and what is most singular, the offending individuals knew nothing of the matter, and only first learned it of me.

Hermann and *Werner* is a poor production, which, however, afforded satisfaction owing to the able performance of Mademoiselle Mars: the same may be said of *La Belle Fermière*, in which she is supported by the excellent Michot. *La Babillard* affords proper parts for St. Phal. I observe that the French gene-

rally waste much time in talking in their rehearsals.

In *Iphigénie en Tauride*, Talma, as Orestes, celebrated another triumph. *La Dédaigneuse*, a new comedy, in which, as the title shews, a coquette spurns every body, is at last, as she ought to be, abandoned to her fate, affords matter for one act, but not for three. Mademoiselle Mezeray is a good actress in these parts: the younger Mademoiselle Mars likewise attracted general attention in it. This piece has some pretty sallies, but is very tedious upon the whole. It was hissed, and notwithstanding the presence of the First Consul, the noise grew so loud, that the end of the performance could not be heard; he however staid to the last, without paying any attention to what was going forward. If this piece was, as it is asserted, the first essay of a

young poet, he was used too severely. *Le Seducteur Amoureux*, is a well chosen subject, in which Fleury acted the principal part.

That the *Theatre François* should still exhibit pieces like the *Médecin Malgré Lui*, appears inconceivable to me, among a nation whose ears love delicacy; particularly such scenes as in the following dialogue: *Va-t-elle à la chaise percée? Oui.—Copieusement?—Assez—Et la matière est-elle*—&c. The continual drubbings and cudgellings should likewise be left to the shows of Harlequin.

This theatre entirely maintains itself by the performance of old pieces, the new ones being generally hissed and damned. Agamemnon is the only new tragedy which maintains itself, notwithstanding the most ironical, yet well-deserved criticism. The house is fine and spacious, and seven rows of boxes

and galleries are placed above each other, even through the ceiling. You hear in every part very distinctly, but in many places the view of the stage is obstructed by the pillars which support the boxes.

2. The second principal theatre is the *Grand Opera*, which deserves in many respects to be called the first theatre in the world. Orchestra, Chorus, Decorations, Machinery and Dancing, are no where to be found equal to what is seen in this place; but the singing may be compared to a mere howl. They excuse this by the size of the house, but in vain. Why is every tone of Madame Brancha to be heard, though she is far from squalling so tremendously as Mademoiselle Maillard, who will surely be carried off a corpse from the stage. She very often shrieks to such a shocking degree in passionate parts, that all the

tones she utters, become inarticulate. Were she to have recourse to this method only on some occasions, it would produce more effect; but it is become mature in her, and she reproduces it in every scence.

Adrian as it is given with Pichul's music, appears, to me at least, a masterpiece of declamation. How well the orchestra is occupied, will appear from there being six counter-bass violins. There is no prompter in the opera, and the leader of the band performs this function. The singers are at the same time good actors, a talent, the possession of which cannot even be denied to the squalling Demoiselle Maillard. Madame Brancha plays with much natural grace, and the *figurantes* were not ranged like a procession of school-boys, but always in picturesque groups. The combats do not consist of wretched clattering, but ap-

pear sometimes very serious. Adrian's triumphal arch is splendid, and the costume equally rich and magnificent. To shift the scenes the curtain is not let down. The only impropriety I remarked in this piece was the falling down of a stone bridge, after twenty or thirty people had passed over it.

As it is necessary to go early to the Grand Opera to get a place, many persons take books with them, and read till it begins, for which the greatest facility is afforded, by the excellent manner in which the house is illuminated.

The poet Duval has altered my Hussites into a great opera; and if Pichul, who is to compose the music, furnishes it as richly with the treasures of his fancy as he did Adrian, it cannot fail producing the best effect.

Anacreon, by Cherubini, is a tedious production, which might perhaps con-

tain matter enough for a small, but by no means for a great opera. Were not the decorations so superlatively elegant, it would not be worth going to see. The Judgment of Paris, a grand ballet, by Gardel, is as badly contrived, and as tedious in its manner as Anacreon. The first act does not belong to the rest, for it consists only of a sporting scene of shepherds, in which Paris is seen lustily romping with a number of girls, and at last kills a lion, which had attacked the flocks.

Saul, properly called a pasticcio, that is to say, a composition of good musical pieces by several masters, produced an excellent effect; particularly a chorus by Handel, which moved me to tears. But these chorusses ought to be heard; they are matchless.

The marching of the troops is beautiful, and the dancing in David's trium-

phal entry, when the sportive children strew his path with roses, is equally charming.

The ballet, *Les Noces de Gamache*, is a silly thing; but Don Quixote plays very well in it, and his Rosinante and Sancho Pancha's she-ass were living creatures which afforded great pleasure to the Parisians. The Caravan of Cairo, by Gretry, I found rather tedious, but Rousseau's *Le Devin du Village*, deeply interested me. The public, much moved, encored the song in which Madame Brancha honoured Rousseau's memory. Semiramis by a young composer, who is a pupil of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, and does honour to this institution, was splendidly represented. A war dance excited enthusiasm, the clap of thunder which destroys Ninus's tomb, was real thunder, and what decorations! those suspended gardens, the tower of Babel!

I deem it a great fault that Semiramis is not once more brought upon the stage at the end, to die triumphant. The ballet *Le Retour de Zephyre* is badly invented, but suited very well the abilities of Duport, a young dancer, who already surpasses Vestris. Among other qualifications, he possesses an extraordinary strength and agility, consisting in turning forty or fifty times round upon one leg; but well knowing, that he is each time so applauded as if every body was purposely come to see it, he every moment has recourse to this skilful exertion, of which the Parisians are never tired.

Hecube, I do not know by what master, had a most beautiful decoration at the end; a wall in the back ground of the stage fell down, and Troy was discovered in flames, which was no ordinary theatrical fire, as a city actually

burning, could be seen, and one colonade after another was gradually hurled down; over the glowing ruins, Æneas was seen carrying his aged father, and the gigantic horse was rearing its head among the thick volumes of smoke. The illusion was complete; the ballets of Telemachus and Psyche are still given, but not with the same exertions as thirteen years ago.

In order not to neglect seeing any of the theatres in Paris, I visited the Grand Opera less than I wished to have done. The present manager, Bonnet, is persecuted with sarcastic criticisms, which is generally the fate of all managers, however great their abilities and exertions. Exclusive of this abuse, he labours under further restrictions, being subordinate to the prefect of the Palace. No wonder, therefore, if Bonaparte's taste is humoured in this place. One instance will

prove it; my travelling companion, the meritorious Weber, director of music at Berlin, who treads so firmly in the footsteps of Gluck, had, by one of his symphonies played in a public concert, so much engaged general notice, that the direction of the opera charged him with the composition of a new piece for the house, and a good subject being the only thing wanting, I proposed one, which, by accident, was the history of Eginhard and Emma. No sooner had the managers cast their eyes upon the title, *La Fille de Charlemagne*, than, owing to the mere name of *Charlemagne*, they most gladly gave their consent.

3. The *Opera Buffa*, so richly though vainly endowed by Bonaparte, is but an indifferent house; there is a certain Nasari, a tenor singer, who has a good voice, and a buffoon who acts well; being myself no connoisseur, I shall say

nothing about Madame Prinasachi. They in general give old operas; for example, *Gli Artigiani*, by Anfossi. During my stay in Paris, rent shares of the house were made out for an advance of money. The public, however, took no notice of it. In vain the government annually pays a support of 60,000 livres; in vain 12,000 livres are given for Bonaparte's box. The people will have no *Opera Buffa*, and it cannot without difficulty protract its existence much longer.

4. The French comic opera, called *Theatre Faydeau*, is a very pleasing and much frequented place of amusement; the hall, with a double row of pillars, is very fine, the orchestra numerous, the decorations uncommonly pretty, and among the singers many combined a pleasing voice with good acting, which is particularly the case with Elleviou,

who may be called the prince of this stage. I saw the *Queen of Golconda* performed here, and the charming little opera of *St. Foix* or *le Coup d'Epée*, the words by Duval, and the music by Darchi, and *Ma Tante Aurore*, words by Longchamp, music by Bogeldieu. *La Soirée Orageuse*, *Trente et Quarante*, and *The Caliph of Bagdad*, where Elleviou, in *St. Foix*, acts so well that you could leap for joy and embrace him. All these new pieces delighted me much, and I may safely recommend them to be translated into other languages.

5. The *Theatre Louvois*, at the head of which is placed the popular dramatic writer, Picard, is exclusively devoted to the sports of Thalia and Melpomene.

The house is tolerably large and handsomely decorated, but I do not like the present taste of the Parisians in their style of ornamenting, where they

every where introduce griffins. They are to be found in most of the theatres, and were they sparingly distributed, they would certainly produce the desired effect, but painted every where from the top to the bottom of the boxes, they do not. The *Theatre Louvois* boasts of several actors of distinguished talents. Picard himself, and his brother, possess considerable comic talents; De Vigny particularly distinguishes himself; I saw him for the first time in *le Vieillard et les Jeunes Gens*, and was enchanted. There are also few comedies which have been so seasonably written as this. The wretched puppyism of our young folks, who pretend to know every thing better than their seniors, is very deservedly lashed in this performance. In my opinion, the piece cannot undergo a version in any other language, but an imitation of it,

with few alterations, would certainly secure to that theatre in Europe, which would introduce it, a considerable run. *La Suite du Menteur* had been much praised to me, but it did not answer my expectation. I was likewise astonished at French delicacy, in making a modest young lady go into a prison to offer her person to a young man, who was confined in it. The acting was but indifferent, yet all the performers were applauded, even before they opened their mouths.

Mediocre et Rampane were very well executed, and all Paris never gets tired of seeing the *vieux comedien*. But I had promised myself something better.

A happy idea of his own had been executed by the same author, Picard, in the comedy of Monsieur Musard. *Muser* was a French word, until then to me unknown, and means as much as to be

always busy, but never with what one ought to do. Monsieur Musard is, therefore, a busy idler, whose character Lessing among the Germans represented nearly forty years ago. There are many originals in Paris which suit this copy; the first representation was received with the loudest applause. When the curtain dropt, numbers of the audience rushed into the dressing-room to see the author, and almost stifled him with their embraces. God knows whether they really honestly meant it; there were many authors among them, but authors are not so envious at Paris as I have found them in Germany; even at the third representation, the orchestra was cleared, to make room for the congratulating multitudes.

6. The *Theatre du Vaudeville* can interest none but Frenchmen; for in the first place, their hackneyed street ballad

tunes all resemble one another to a hair; who has heard one knows them all: secondly, the epigrammatic points in these songs, merely relate to certain localities of the town, the fashion of which never outlasts three or four days.

I saw Feltin, and grew irksome over it; as to blind Cassander, I could not laugh at him; yet we find exceptions in Fanchon, the *lute-girl*, and Berquin, by Bouilly. Madame Belmont personated *Fanchon* in a fascinating manner. It was a pity that in Berquin a mother appeared, of whom modesty and decency was to have been expected, but who seemed to have broken loose from under the *entresols* of the Palais Royal. The hall is neat. A very particular custom prevails here among the audience. Should only the end of a shawl hang down from the front of one of the boxes, the whole pit immediately ex-

claims: "Away with the shawl!" *(otez le shawl)* if the lady does not instantly obey, the noise redoubles, and "throw over the shawl," *(jettez le shawl)* is the cry. Ladies have often been obliged to give way to these brutal demand. In those instances where it was refused, the uproar rose to such a formidable pitch that the police was obliged to interfere, and to desire the lady in the box, to comply with the vociferating rabble.

They even sometimes called out: *à la porte!* (out, out) No one durst turn his back on the public, else they immediately halloo, *ne tournez pas ledos, c'est villain!* A parody of *Agamemnon* had a great run on this stage during my stay. Those theatres which have hitherto been named, are the most resorted to by the genteel part of the public. I must mention it with acknowledgment, that the managers vied with each other in *offering* me both in flattering letters

and personally, tickets of free admission to all their performances, which was the more flattering to me, not on account of the trifle I saved in this manner during my short stay, but because it was a proof of esteem, so much the more striking, as I had been obliged, but a short time before, to pay for admission in some parts of my own country, even to see my own performances.

7. The *Theatre Montansier* in the Palais Royal produces only farces; and Brunet is an excellent buffoon, whom nobody can see without laughing. His principal part is that of Jocrisse, a character much resembling that of the Pierrot of the Italians, an aukward clumsy fellow, spoiling every thing in wishing to make it good.

There are many other pieces of the same kind, for instance: *Une Heure de Jocrisse.* He is to make a present to

somebody of a bird, but brings only an empty cage, as, owing to his awkwardness, the bird escaped in the streets; he expresses his joy on hearing that the bird had flown into the letter which he is charged to deliver. He is going to clean a tea-pot, but not being able to get his hand in, he rinces and knocks it in pieces against the table, manifesting his joy at its not being himself, but a table that broke the utensil. Brushing a coat, he falls with it on the floor, all wetted with the water used to clean the tea-pot; finding one of the sleeves daubed, he quickly cuts it off to carry it to a scowerer, whom he begs to lend him a sleeve, which however does not belong to the same coat. Of the same stamp are *Cricré dans son Menage*, and *Vadé dans son Grènier*, &c. &c. which are nothing but a collection of the lowest vulgarisms. That Brunet is a capital

buffoon is very true, but his jests relate too much to local matters of the moment, and are so interlarded with Calembourgs, as to become for the most part unintelligible to a stranger. Of foreigners, only a small number frequent this place, most of them young men, owing to the frail sisterhood that fill up every corner of the house. On this sort of stages, every thing is allowed, and the most licentious and smutty ribaldries meet with applause. I heard for instance the following in the *Huissier dégourdi*, amidst great plaudits: *Une femme ne redoute jamais une prise de corps*; and a coy and modest female lover declares, *qu'on peut exiger d'un époux, qu'il lui reste au moins une jambe.*

8. *Theatre des jeunes Artistes.* Here I saw harlequin slipping out of an egg, a magical pantomime with many changes of decorations, pantomime, singing,

dancing, &c. A fight between two persons, keeping time with the music, I never saw more strikingly represented. A combat on horseback between six troopers, in which the horses kick violently with their hind legs, and harlequin and Pierrot fight with each other with their legs; dragons spitting fire, and other such like tricks. Harlequin's nimbleness in the art of metamorphosing himself was really admirable. He twice assumed the form of his rival, and even changed the black mask with the latter's face, including his whole dress, all which, particularly when it happened the second time, seemed really to border on sorcery.

9. *Théâtre de la Gaîté* is a very neat house, with tasteful decorations. Instead of the griffins that figure in the boxes of the other theatres, pretty genii, with garlands of flowers, are to be seen

here, in every possible attitude, bearing up the drapery of the curtains.

I do not recollect ever having seen such smiling ornaments. Here you see Madame Angot, (who represents the French nation just as John Bull does the English) appearing under a variety of shades and adventures; the part is acted by a man, which alone often makes it ludicrous; for instance: Madame Angot in the seraglio of the grand seignor. The language of the Parisian fish-women, or *Poissardes*, can be heard here in its fullest perfection. Among the performers are some excellent ones in the comic way.

I also saw the *Maid of Orleans* acted at this theatre; the piece begins with a harvest feast, where Jacques d'Arc, Joan's father, is making merry with his family after his labour. The dances begin, garlands are handed to the maid, with this

inscription, *à Jeanne d'Arc, la plus belle, et la plus sage.* All of a sudden the shouts of huntsmen are heard; a wild boar rushes in, every one flies; a young huntsman encounters the wild beast, and falls: Joan hastens to the spot, kills the boar, and saves the youth. It is Dunois, and the joy becomes general. The guest is led into the house, and desired to rest himself, but perceiving Joan's portrait hanging on the wall, he cannot close an eye, but falls down on his knees, and tells the image a thousand fine things, in which he is, however, interrupted by a sudden clap of thunder, and a voice exclaims: "Chevalier Dunois, unhallow not by thy profane wishes the deliverer of France! Return to thy King, point out to him the will of God, and carry him this holy sword, which is to arm Joan's victorious arm." The spectator now sees Joan's bed-room, where she is

asleep, and sweet dreams playing in the features of her countenance. The back ground opens, and an angel, supported on a flaming ball, deposits a fiery sword at Dunois' feet; Dunois takes it up, and swears to fulfil the command of Heaven; the angel rises again into the sky, while two other angels surround the sleeping Joan, and cover her with standards. Thus ends the first act. The second begins in the king's palace, where Charles, Agnes, and the court, are making merry, unmindful of the near approach of danger.

A knight comes to announce that the English are besieging Orleans, and that, if this place is conquered, France will be lost. Much confusion ensues; Dunois arrives, and proclaims the method of deliverance, but the courtiers laugh at him. He orders Joan's portrait to be presented to the king by two.

kneeling pages; the king continues to hesitate, but suddenly a glory of fire encircles the portrait, and under it are to be read the words, "*elle vaincra*," when all doubts vanish. Joan now appears in armour, and the sight of her animates all the knights, who fly to the combat.

The scene is now changed into the French camp, where the king's arrival with the maid inflames anew the courage of his dispirited soldiers. He dubs her a knight, and delivers the miraculous sword; but having no belt, a rainbow appears with an angel riding on it, who brings her the scarf, proclaims that she will be victorious, but bids her beware of love. He then strikes a blow against a tree, and a Genius comes out, who presents to her the oriflame. Both return on the rainbow to Heaven, and the warriors hasten to the field of action. Now the spectator descries the

city of Orleans besieged by the English. Talbot orders his troops to give the assault, and the French are prepared for resistance on the ramparts; the scaling ladders are thrown up, they storm, a breach is made, the ramparts are scaled, the standard is seized, and the city on the point of capitulating. The virgin then appears, the combat is renewed, the English are defeated, their palisades thrown down, the inhabitants of Orleans rush out of the gates, fall at the feet of their deliverer, and offer her the keys of the city. Dunois is charmed, and [illegible] love; nor is Joan indifferent, but the angel's warning deters her. A canopy of state is raised, she mounts it with Dunois, festive dances begin, night comes, Joan is conveyed to the town in a triumphal car, and flowers are strewed before her.

The third act exhibits a garden; Du-

nois is at Joan's feet; the latter, unarmed, has hung the miraculous sword on a laurel tree; she cannot resist his entreaties; he writes with his dagger these words upon a rock: *Aimer ne peut-être un crime*, (to love is no crime); and she puts under it, *Je vous ai vu, je le crois*, (I have seen you, and believe it). Cupids are immediately seen fluttering around them, an altar appears with this inscription in fiery characters: *à l'Amour et à l'Hymen*. The Cupids lead the young couple to it, but in that very instant, the thunder roars, the genii fly, the altar disappears, and a voice exclaims: "Joan is perfidious, let her tremble at Heaven's vengeance."

A flourish with the trumpet announces a herald of the English; Talbot and Chandos challenge Dunois and Joan to combat. The latter accept the challenge, and send their gauntlets. The

virgin is going to arm herself; when about to seize the miraculous sword, the laurel-tree is changed into a statue of Revenge holding the sword in her hand. Joan, though terrified, goes either to conquer or die with her lover.

The field of battle appears between the lists, surrounded by the tents of the English. The umpires, heralds, and soldiers, take their seats; Chandos and Talbot appear, and Dunois and Joan soon arrive. They all swear to combat fairly. The heroine and her lover prove victorious; but the French could not avoid interweaving the perfidy of the English with this piece; a shot stretches Dunois to the ground, and Joan is surrounded, made prisoner, and dragged away. She now languishes in a prison. Chandos promises to release her at the price of her love; she rejects him with scorn.

He orders a black standard to be brought, on which he reads her sentence, which is, that she is to suffer death for witchcraft. She remains firm, and is led to the pile of faggots. This last scene represents the market place of Rouen; the stake is prepared, and the people collected; Joan courageously mounts the pile, which is set on fire, but the flames have scarcely appeared, when a dove ascends from it. The fire dies away, the stake disappears, and all that remains is a glory representing Joan crowned by immortality. Thus she mounts into the clouds. On the spot where the pile was placed appears an altar, in the back ground a transparent triumphal arch, with the statue of the virgin underneath, after the model of that on which her image is intended to be raised at Orleans. The curtain falls amidst the blasts of trumpets, and

the beating of kettle drums. The author of this piece is Cuvelier.

10. *Theatre de la Porte St. Martin.* This house is neatly decorated, and formerly the great opera used to be here. Instead of making the house smaller, it has since been enlarged, heaven knows why, for it will not be often filled. Theatrical pieces are likewise represented here, and I saw, among others, *Les Charbonniers de la Forêt Noire;* the decorations are good, the company far from indifferent, and some of them very pretty singers.

11. *Theatre des petites Variétés,* in the *Palais Royal,* is a narrow small house, badly ornamented. Children, among whom many shew a great deal of genius, here act little pieces. The spectators are then entertained with puppet-shows, but in these, Heavens! what indecencies are permitted! I saw, for example,

a puppet pull off its small clothes, and that in such a manner, that the whole faithful imitation of what the small clothes should really conceal, appeared.

12. *L'Ambigu Comique*; a theatre without taste, having Gothic pillars, Greek *bas-reliefs*, and modern French draperies; three tiers of boxes, and before each of them a gallery. This style of building prevails in many Parisian theatres, and seems to me very well calculated to gain room.

A much frequented piece at this theatre, which cannot be denied great richness of fancy, is: *Les Mines de Pologne* (or the Mines of Poland). The scenery was excellent; and, among other things, it once snowed with such complete illusion in the last act, that the snow soon covered the whole stage, and even the regimentals of the centinels. The actors cannot be called bad, but the

ballets are good for nothing. Here they play a curious sort of pieces, called *Melodrames*, where, in many scenes, the speakers are interrupted by music.

13. *Theatre Olympique*; one of the largest and neatest theatres, almost as spacious as that of Berlin. A circle of caryatides, which support the second tier of boxes, and over them a circle of columns bearing the gallery, give the whole a very elegant appearance. The *Grand Foyer*, where balls are often given, is built much in the same style; but the company in the latter plays badly, and had but very thin houses.

14. *Theatre du Marais* is very pretty, in the Greek style, painted in gray; the hall is not small, and has three tiers of boxes and galleries. The performance consists only of puppet-shows.

15. *Theatre de L'Ecole Dramatique* resembles more a private theatre, but is

neatly decorated. The performers were worthy of the pieces performed, and the spectators of both; the whole is beneath all criticism. Some ladies and gentlemen, in the box where I was, regaled themselves with beer, which, to my misfortune, was very good indeed, for it made the corks fly from the bottles, and threw the froth upon my coat.

16. *Theatre de la Cité* is a fine and pretty large house: here, too, I was forced to hear one act of my play of *Misanthropy and Repentance*. The costume was the same as at the *Theatre Français*. *C'est le costume d'Allemagne*, which is enough for me.

17. *Theatre de Molière*. The hall deserves to have Molière's name. The walls are covered all over with pier-glasses in the boxes: all the other ornaments bespeak much taste. The scenery is fine, the costume splendid, and suit-

able: in short, nothing is bad but the performers, and the pieces which they act.

Besides these seventeen stages, there are, if I am not mistaken, two more which I did not see; for instance, the *Theatre Mareux.* I conclude with a striking observation, that several times the Paris papers announced for performance, in what theatre I have forgotten, a new piece, intituled: *The Justice of Alexander the First:* it was, however, never permitted to be performed. And why not?

NOTES

FROM MY POCKET-BOOK, MISCELLANIES, AND FRAGMENTS OF OBSERVATIONS.

LATE dinner hours are not every where customary in Paris. In the quiet and remote districts of this city, the usages, anterior to the revolution, still prevail. A satirical wag has made a calculation, that a great eater may eat in Paris all day long. For this purpose he may ride, at nine o'clock in the morning, to the suburb of *St. Germain*, where the officers and clerks of the different public offices reside. He may here share with them a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, which they take before they go to their *bureaus*. At eleven, he will find various breakfasts in the suburbs *St. Honoré*:

from thence he goes to the *Chaussée d'Antin* to some young men of fashion, who take their airing on horseback at one o'clock, having previously taken some oysters, and drunk a number of bottles of champagne. He then lets the *beau monde*, in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, take their repose, and proceeds to the *Marais*. Here the families of the *ancienne robe* are already at dinner, and he joins them, till the time approaches when the judges and counsellors come home hungry from the *Cité*. Thither he hastens, and stays till the honest people of *St. Germain* and the *Marais* are at supper. He quickly dispatches a few mouthfuls, finding the time too short, and being obliged to return to the *Chaussée d'Antin*, where the best families are now going to dinner. He may then have a moment or so to spare, to refresh himself with ices at some theatre; but, as soon as the car-

tain is dropped, he is invited to a tea-party, where, as I have already mentioned, nice and substantial dishes are served. Thus two o'clock in the morning imperceptibly arrives, and he goes to a supper in the ancient style. If the hero finds his stomach able to take in any thing more, he needs but to go to the next gaming-house, where a certain *reveillon* is served; and he then may go to bed quickly and well satisfied at five o'clock, to repose himself for four hours, and then, if he pleases, begin the same career *da capo*.

Formerly, when a woman went into company, it appeared unfashionable if she shewed an appetite to eat. She was always to feign as if she needed no more than a Chinese gold-fish, and some fresh water every two or three days to live upon. If nature, in defiance of stays,

had endowed her with a grumbling stomach, she was obliged, previously, to eat her fill at home. Such ornamental stomachs, however, have outlived the present fashion. The delicate fine ladies swallow beef, mutton, *pâtés*, and truffles, so as to do one's heart good to see them. They formerly touched, at most, a wine glass with their lips, but now they tipple *liqueurs*, drink punch, and quaff champagne. They formerly could scarcely waddle in their narrow shoes, but now they ride in them. In short, rude men have brought the delicate sex down to their own level. But, let me be well understood; I think that our fair mothers and grandmothers were not wrong in maintaining a stomachic decorum; for divinities and ladies, in order to command respect, ought not to betray the least appearance of sensual wants. The beloved is always

pictured to the fancy like some airy spirit, and it really grieves one to see her eat with a *great appetite*.

Since the revolution, the imagination of the French painters seems to be tinted with a sombre cast of colours. This is proved by Guerin's Marcus Sextus, David's Brutus, Gerard's Belisarius, and others.

I once saw at Arnault's, the poet, a superb large drawing, which likewise testifies the truth of this assertion.

Shoals of rocks rear their heads amidst the stormy main, and no land is to be descried all around. On one of these rocks a man has made his escape from the wreck, and his wife and child are both lying dead before him. For him no glimpse of the most distant hope of escape presents itself. Though naked and forlorn, he does not feel anything

like the extent of his wretched situation in this terrible moment. With a fixed stare, he is kneeling before his wife and offspring, and one of his hands is placed on the former, to feel, as it were, whether animation had not quite left her frame. His desponding looks, say *no!* I should not like to have such a drawing in my apartment, for it excites horror and woe. Another proof that the French painters are good poets.

Among the qualifications for a good nurse, in Paris, seems to be that of her being a *brunette*; at least one of them expressly boasts, in one of the papers, of this quality as a recommendation.

A dancing-master, who wishes to make his fortune, must, at the same time, announce lessons on the *tambour de basque*.

A certain doctor Brown, chose, at my

time, a still unknown method of exciting public attention, by getting printed, on a large sheet of paper, the whole history of his life, where he studied, whither he travelled, who had been his masters, &c. and having the same posted up at every corner of the streets. But, notwithstanding all these tricks of quackery, people seem, upon the whole, to get pretty old in Paris; for, in a single daily print, announcing 28 deaths, I found one person of 95, two of 81, and five more of 79, 76, 70, 65, and 63, of course eight tolerably old persons.

Most of the *ci-devants* are not only poor, but really suffer the most distressing want, which even obliges them to solicit charity. But they, in general, have such a way of begging, as prepossesses one in their favour; they send up their name, generally a well known and

celebrated one, at which the doors fly open immediately to receive them. In they step, full of the assurance of their pristine character, sit down by the fire-side, lavishing the most impudent flatteries on the strangers present, and are apt to talk of a thousand things for an hour together, without touching, with a single syllable, on their distressed condition. They will, for instance, say, they only wish to make the strangers acquaintance, &c. At last they open their budget, at first in metaphors, then somewhat plainer, genteelly hinting that they had written a book, for which they took in subscriptions; and immediately, with a negligent air, fling down the proposals on the next table, all the while talking of other things. Often has it been my fate to fall in with such nobility and gentry, and I could quote names that would astonish the reader. Many

Many of them, to be sure, do not venture to act the part in *propriâ personâ*, but they write letters, carrying at least the appearance of modesty.

It is, however, easy for me to conceive, that people, thus educated, and accustomed to such a life as they led, being once reduced to mendicity, could not beg in any other manner.

If you are at a great dinner among men only, you may rely upon this, that there is not two among twenty who have not made campaigns, though your company should wholly consist of poets, artists, and actors. He was fortunate under the reign of terror, who was permitted to quit Paris and repair to the army, where the only place of safety was then to be found. It likewise happens, that you meet unexpectedly with men, who have acted great parts during

the revolution, without now carrying the least appearance of it, though they acted as men of feeling and honour: for instance, the clever actor of the *Theatre Français*, Michot, the only one whom in his way of acting I might compare with Iffland, has made two campaigns, was wounded, made commissioner of the government to General Montesquieu, with orders to reside in Savoy. Here he staid, ingratiating himself with the inhabitants, because he was humane, and would not suffer the ceremonies of religion to be either laughed at or obstructed. On his return he was chosen to be a deputy, and to many other public functions, but his prudence made him decline every tender of this kind; for had he accepted even one of these charges, he would surely have been guillotined as a friend to the Girondists. He therefore only kept

his post among the national guards, and was often placed on guard over Louis XVI. He mitigated as much as lay in his power the severities of that amiable monarch's captivity. Whenever he found himself unobserved and alone, he pulled off his hat, called the king *Sire*, and *Votre Majesté*. At his desire he likewise delivered to him Tacitus and Gil Blas. The king's confidence in him was great, and he asked him several times, what he thought they were going to do with him. Michot constantly held out to him the consoling prospect of his being sent to his relations in Spain; for Michot himself harboured a conviction, that extremes would not be resorted to. Even now, with the same feeling conviction, and with a tearful eye, he says, "I am certain, that in the passage of Louis's last will, where he speaks of feeling minds, (*ames sensibles*) he re-

membered me also." I envy this benevolent man for such sweet recollections.

One of the most striking excellencies in the character of the French, which even their enemies cannot deny them, is the enthusiastic liberality with which they encourage and remunerate genius and the arts.

Music, painting, and the drama are honoured, loved and respected here; and the government has found it worth while to make laws in their favour; nor durst any piratical printer, or literary harpy, make an unhallowed attempt on the fair fruits of genius.

Where any one has sown, he is there sure to reap; and if the seeds he sowed were good, he may depend on a rich return from the soil.

The author of a theatrical piece, or of the music belonging to it, is treated in

France in the following manner: Every night's receipts is divided into three parts, of which the author receives a seventh out of one third. This, however, would be but doing little for them, but they receive this seventh part not *once*, but as long as they live, and their heirs ten years after their death; they receive it not only in Paris but all over France, and from every theatre; and this not merely while the piece remains in manuscript, but long after it has been printed, for no manager of a theatre durst have it acted without the express permission of the author. The piratical printing of a piece is likewise subjected to heavy penalties. Many will object to the possibility of the author's being often deceived, as he neither can know, or be informed of the pieces played all over France, and of the frequency and amount of the receipts of the different

houses, it being extremely expensive to collect information of this kind.

All this has, however, been provided for; there exists an office in Paris, established for the purpose. Here the author of any dramatic production need but mention his name, and the office takes care of all the *rest*. The office has its correspondents and cashiers all over the country, and with a clear conscience, accounts to the author for all the shares of his profits, for the moderate allowance of two per cent.

As the number of theatres in France far exceed one hundred, (though many of them may be small and insignificant) it may easily be conceived, that the author of any popular piece, at the expiration of the two first years of its appearance, may rely upon a receipt of 40,000 livres. The receipts decrease afterwards;

for if the piece had only momentary dazzling excellencies, it is seldom performed, but if its intrinsic value be really great, it is frequently brought before the public. An author that has once had the good fortune to bring two or three pieces upon what is called the repertory of the *Theatre Français*, is not only decently provided for himself all his lifetime, but he even leaves to his children ten years' certain subsistence after his demise. What an honourable pension! but France alone affords opportunities to merit a title to them.

Madame Molé, who translated Misanthropy and Repentance rather in an aukward way, is already in possession of a property of 60,000 livres, and even now this comedy is frequently performed three times on the same day, in the different theatres in Paris. To

ME, its AUTHOR, the sum total brought by this piece never exceeded 200 *German dollars ! ! !*

Daleyrae, the celebrated popular composer, receives, without including the metropolis, 100 louis-d'ors per month, and consequently upwards of 6000 dollars per annum, without having occasion to make a stroke with his pen.

Not only authors are thus respectfully treated in France, but even the first-rate actors may hope to be well provided for in old age. For this purpose, the *Theatre Français*, under the direction of its own members, after deducting all expences, divides the profits into twenty-five parts. The first and oldest of their colleagues have a whole share, others a half, and so on in proportion. Many too only receive their pay by shares. He that has a whole one receives from twenty-five to

thirty thousand livres per annum; but he must allow a small monthly deduction, amounting, among all the sharers together, to no more than seventy-two thousand livres, which sum is placed out upon sure interest. Thus, if one of them has followed this line for twenty years, supposing he has not even attained the age of forty, he is allowed to retire. Then only he receives, 1, the ready money he saved during his public services, which will then amount to thirty thousand livres. 2. A benefit at the Grand Opera, which, if he has been in the least a popular actor, will fetch him eighty thousand more. 3. An annual pension of two thousand livres from the sharers. 4. And lastly, a pension from the government to the same amount. Besides this, he has a right, if young and healthy enough, to keep his place among the sharers, which, however, sel-

dom happens. Thus, for instance, I always thought that the actor La Rive was an old man, having retired so early; this is, however, far from being the case; he is a little turned of forty, and to enjoy life, *comme il faut*, purchased the small estate of Montlignon, near the valley of Montmorency, where he discovered a mineral spring, which is recommended to all epicures as a powerful stomachic. He is going to build a village near this spring; and, while I was in Paris, offered to every person who chose to settle there, to build a charming house and garden for fifteen thousand livres once paid down. Whether he succeeded in his project, I have not since been informed.

French players are not often put in requisition to act new pieces; but it must be allowed that they take great pains; each piece undergoes thirty re-

hearsals with the utmost regularity, at which the author, if he pleases, may be present to give his directions. Even at the last of these rehearsals, when the notice of its representation figures already in the newspapers, he has a right to give his *veto*, and say that it requires further trials of private skill. A manager dare not alter a single syllable of an author's work without his consent; a farther proof ofthe respect and delicate attention withwhich the latter is here treated

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The minister of the interior, Chaptal, was known before the revolution as a chemist and apothecary of considerable reputation at Montpellier. It always was his laudable aim to apply his science to the benefit of artists and mechanics, which had gained him a pretty large fortune. Once, under the tyranny of Robespierre, gunpowder was wanting.

Chaptal was sent for, and informed that he was to furnish a certain quantity of this article, for which purpose he should be furnished with every ingredient; but it could not be concealed from him that this was the sole mean to save him, as he had been denounced to be a rich aristocrat. Twenty-four hours were allowed him to consider of the matter. Chaptal promised, kept his promise, and offered to furnish a much larger quantity, if they would allow him a share in the profits. This was complied with; he manufactured twice the quantity of gunpowder required, and got immensely rich by this process.

In like manner Seguin acquired, though only to appearance, much merit, by inventing a method of dressing leather in the English way, with infinitely more saving of time than that now known. This was a great help for the

moment, as the armies had scarce shoe to their feet—but then the leat did not last.

The origin of the word *fiacre*, hackney-coach, is known but to a f The inventor of this convenience li in 1680, in *rue St. Martin*, *Hotel de Fiacres*, and his name was Nicholas S vage.

Of a girl romantically in love, I h noted an anecdote, which is said to h happened very recently, and which touch the feelings of most of my read as it did mine.

She was playing on the harpsich and her lover used often to accomp her on the harp. He died, and his h had remained in her room. After first access of despair, she sunk into deepest melancholy, and much t

elapsed ere she could sit down to her instrument. At last she did so, gave some touches, and, hark! the harp tuned alike, resounded in echo! The good girl was at first seized with a secret shuddering, but soon felt a kind of soft melancholy. She thought herself firmly persuaded that the spirit of her lover was softly sweeping the strings of the instrument. The harpsichord from this moment constituted her only pleasure, as it alone afforded her the joyful certainty that her lover was still hovering about her. One of those unfeeling men, who want to know and clear up every thing, once entered her apartment; the girl instantly begged him to be quiet, for that very moment the dear harp spoke most distinctly. Being informed of the amiable illusion which overcame her reason, he laughed, and with a great display of learning, proved to her, by

experimental physics, that all this was very natural. From that instant the maiden grew melancholy, drooped, and soon after died.

O you wisest of men! you that rob us of so many sweet and delightful illusions, without being able to administer aught of consolation in stead, why is it impossible to keep your wisdom to yourselves? Must you absolutely, in order to display your presumed superiority, sacrifice the tranquillity of those who are content?

Mercier, the author of the *Tableau de Paris*, &c. is, by his good-nature and paradoxes, an entertaining companion; he sincerely believes that Sir Isaac Newton was a mere quack. He totally denies the law of attraction; the force of gravity is to him a mere pressure of the air. He is a very lively old man, and

never goes to bed before two o'clock in the morning. I have seen eight finished plays of his at his house, in manuscript, some of which have been received by the *Theatre François*, though not yet performed.

Le Texier advertised, during my residence, lectures of pieces translated from English and French works; he made his *debut* with Sheridan's School for Scandal, at which I was present. He had chosen a very neat place in the *Sallon des Etrangers*. This assembly was splendid, though not numerous. He reads very well, but will hardly make his fortune in this manner, partly because Frenchmen have no taste for these productions so faithfully translated from the English; partly because few persons are to be found that have patience enough to remain four hours, from

eight in the evening till twelve, to hear readings. Nor is a French crown a small price. Le Texier is said to have gained much in England by French readings, which I am inclined to believe. In France, however, I would advise him to turn actor, as his declamation and gesticulation are both very excellent indeed, and qualify him for a first-rate performer.

Many anecdotes contemporary with the reign of terror are still related every where. Well it were if some reasonable men were to collect such only as relate to the narrator himself, since even in this case historical credit seems to be defective. An author of respectability assured me he had been often at great pains to reconcile contradictions.

Bonmotizing, or the making of *bon-mots* when a person was conducted to

the guillotine, became the fashion in France, as every thing does; no honest man could any longer distinguish himself by them, for even the *chauffeurs* became witty on the scaffold.

Danton's *bon mot* is horrible. One of his companions in death was going to embrace him previous to execution: "Let it be as it is," said Danton, "our heads are sure to meet presently in the sack." The heads, it is well known, were all put together into one sack.

At a convivial party, at which Talma was present, they took the fancy, after the cloth was removed, to play *à la guillotine*. For this purpose they used a fire-screen, which they pulled up and let down, and each person who wished it submitted his head, and the screen consequently fell on his neck. The company, as accident would have it, for the most part consisted of *Girondistes*, who

were actually guillotined two days afterwards.

Madame Roland behaved very firmly on the day of her execution, but was, on the eve of it, uncommonly moved. Madame Talma, who was likewise confined with her, related to me that the unfortunate lady was playing all night on the harpsichord, but that in *so strange, so shocking*, and *so frightful a manner*, that the sounds will never escape her memory. The small spot on which the royal family were executed, *(Place de Louis XV.)* is still surrounded by plain wooden rails, and encompassed by the terrors of reminiscence.

In Paris things pretty generally go by their real name. Only a certain *convenience*, which in fact is very innocent, is designed by the expression of—*lieu à l'Angloise*. A hair-dresser in the Palais

superfluities of her *embonpoint*, and with it the obstacle to the fulfilment of all her wishes. "Alas!" answered she, with great ingenuousness, "I have tried every thing; but others say that there is no remedy more effectual than to part from one's husband for a certain time: I went for this purpose, eight months into the country, *Eh bien, Monsieur, je n'ai rien fait!*" This was a lady of quality, whose deportment was in all other respects very modest and decorous, and who, by the very manner of expression, plainly demonstrated that she said nothing that could be construed into an indecency.

People generally imagine that travellers are most strictly searched, questioned, and watched on the frontiers of France, and afterwards in all the great towns through which they pass, not ex-

cepting the city of Paris, by custom-house officers, centinels, and spies of the police. Whether the watching takes place, I will not pretend to say; but that the other part of the story is untrue, I can warrant. From Geneva to Paris I was never asked for a passport but once, when going through the little mountain fortress Ecluse. On my arrival in Paris, I expected nothing less than a detention of several hours in the custom-houses, police offices, &c. I passed the barriers without being noticed by any person; I took my seat in a public house without the landlord's asking me whether I had a passport or not. It was not till the following day I took it to the ambassador, who gave me a certificate to be delivered to the police office, in order to obtain a ticket of residence (*permis de sejour*). A ticket of this kind has the well known advantage

that the holder, wherever any thing is to be seen, has free admission, though the doors are shut to the rest of the public. Exclusive of this, it secures him against every accident, upon producing this certificate. A person who does not consult his ambassador may, perhaps, come off equally well; but notwithstanding, I would not advise him to omit this precaution.

The permission of residence can only be obtained by a personal application at the police office; a condition from which neither rank, nor sex, nor age, will exempt; for ladies and children are bound to make their personal appearance, because the ticket minutely describes them from head to foot, and the whole is done with amazing dispatch. The secretary in whose department this operation lies, a very polite man, and a native of Berlin, at one look surveys

and conceives the whole form. He had scarcely cast a glance on me, but his pen rapidly set down the particulars. He fixed my height at *one metre and seventy-six centimetres*, in which he was probably mistaken, as he with equal celerity made my travelling companion, who was evidently taller than I, smaller by *two centimetres*. He then described, with the like exactness, our hair, eyes, shape of face, and so forth. Where a more precise definition would be too prolix, he makes shift with the word *moyen*, which means middling; my forehead, for instance, was *moyen*, my nose *moyen*, my mouth *moyen*. All this is done gratis, with the greatest politeness and dispatch, in a fine large hall, matchless in its kind in the world, being embellished all round with the busts of the most celebrated orators and poets. On taking leave, the secretary gives you

notice that it will be necessary to call again at least eight days before your departure, to fetch back the passport, and apply for a travelling pass to the grand judge.

I would advise every traveller to dispense with this formality, as it would be attended with a considerable loss of time, money, and running about, of which I have precedents, and the pass may be obtained with much greater convenience and expedition. The ambassador, for instance, will grant him one twenty-four hours previously to his departure, which he produces to the minister for foreign affairs, Talleyrand, who puts his name to it. Thus the business is settled, and the old passport may quietly remain in the police office.

Among the curious public advertisements, I remarked one in which some-

body begged, in the name of humanity, (*au nom de l'humanité*) for the restitution of a lost dog. Another announces an employment for *un homme de lettres*, fetching 1600 livres per annum, begging at the same time from him who shall obtain it, *a recompense honnête*. Such a venal offering of public offices appears revolting to my felings. A certain Madame Leon offers to dye the hair black or chesnut colour, so as to become indelible for life, in a sitting of four hours.

Let me once more be allowed the diversion of seeing the Parisian *beaux* pass in transitory review in my imagination, I mean on horseback, for this sort of gentry now-a-days fraternize only with the *Houhymns*. They ride in the *Bois de Boulogne*, calling out to each other: *Quelle superbe bête!* He that has not such a beast is insignificant. A bad horseman,

mounted on a lean hack, passes for an Englishman, particularly if he turns out his toes well. It is likewise fashionable to go spurred, and carry a whip without riding. A fashionable youth salutes nobody; upon handsome ladies he casts a look; to ladies' maids he tips a familiar wink; to husbands he says *bon soir*, to his creditors he gives a sly touch of his hat, and to his father a squeeze of the hand. In order to insure his fortune, he must be pale and lean, he must be a hisser, a lasher, a mystical dasher, judging every thing, yet understanding nothing. The indecorous fashion of keeping one's hands in the flap of the breeches, has at last disappeared, and they have now receded to the pockets.

Every thing worn by a *beau* must look rumpled, but nothing new; his stockings must hang down in bags, his

waistcoat be half buttoned in a slovenly manner, he must no more wear linen, but calico shirts; the buttons on the knees of his breeches, must be so buttoned, as to make his knee appear crooked; he must wear but one ring and one watch: to take snuff is getting rather out of fashion, while smoaking is coming into vogue in its stead; the latter has been learned in the army.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE HEAD OF SOCIETIES AND DIVERSIONS.

Why does yon lady sit thus agitated at her toilet table? Why does she tremble at the idea that her hair-dresser and milliner will not come? Merely to plunge into a bustling crowd, to drop curtsies and make grimaces; to hear something of a thousand persons scarcely

known by name, to admire, standing on tiptoe, some dancers, (who can only answer all encomiums by slight bows to the right and left), to sit down for a moment at the gaming table, to lose money, to yawn, to curse the crowd, to sigh for tea, at last to take herself off, grievously vexed at not having been taken more notice of, to go to bed at day-break, and to wake at noon, in order to run again the same career.

In certain houses, which are by no means to be accounted of the least note, a large gaming table is placed in the centre of the saloon, as the most indispensable article of furniture: this table being well laid out, the lady of the house likewise joins the company, casts her eyes everywhere, and calls out from time to time: *Messieurs, aux chandeliers!* for under the lustre they deposit as much

for card-money as will support the whol house in its luxury.

The number of guests and not thei quality now gives *éclat* to a circle; peopl of all ranks and conditions are invited a small number of ladies, a great numbe of men, especially foreigners, formerl Fnglishmen, but now in preferenc Russians.

All the apartments are open and illu minated. One neighbour whispers i another's ear; and general attention i only raised now and then by a smar *calembourg*, which darts through th company with the quickness of light ning. Immediately after, all is hushe in silence. Two young gentlemen con verse with the lady of the house, th others saunter to and fro, look at th sophas *à l'antique*, at the Greek rooms the Roman bed, and the Chinese *boudoir*

The mystic dashers and *plaisants*, formerly called jesters, resemble the lilies of the field, that do not work, and yet our heavenly Father supports them all. They sit down at the tables of the rich, and their arts consist in making grimaces, imitating the cries of various animals or the noise of a saw; in changing their voice, playing antics quite alone behind the screen, disguising themselves in a thousand various ways, turning an honest man into ridicule before a whole company, &c.

It is the *bon ton*, to neglect all the other ladies, and only to crowd about the handsomest, to stare at and almost stifle her. About two o'clock in the morning comes a dancer *par excellence*, and every body then calls out *la gavotte, la gavotte!!*

The piano-forte is set to rights, a circle is formed, the company mount

upon the chairs; they clap their hands, and the young man who dances with the lady of the house, with much self complacency, receives, as a tribute due to him, the compliments of the company. He takes the precedence of old and young people, never hands a chair to a lady, talks at random of theatres, literature, and the fine arts, turns some clever learned man into ridicule by a *calembourg*, interrupts the most interesting conversation upon solid subjects by impertinent trifles, dashes out into mystics were it even against his own father, boasts of having hissed the most recent theatrical performance, and plays a thousand other such tricks *à-la-mode*.

Of the *waltz* he gives a definition, having first laughed at himself, saying, "It is a familiar dance, which requires the amalgamation of both dancers, and

which flows like oil upon smooth marble." If at supper he espies one of those apple-cakes which the French call *Charlotte*, he very wittily observes: "I should indeed like to be the *Werter* of this *Charlotte*." There are people that are apt to get into a passion at such a conceited young coxcomb; it has been my own case before now. I have, however, for this long time past hit upon an excellent remedy, by reflecting upon the figure such a creature is likely to make at the expiration of ten or fifteen years. Pity then immediately takes the place of indignation. The *ton* of freedom which prevails in all places of public resort, where all classes of people are mixed, naturally attracts thither a multitude of young people, who are absolutely impatient of every kind of restraint, and they here find their school of politeness. Madame Recamier, once going to *Fras-*

cati, where she dearly paid for the pleasure of being handsome, really excited pity, if you saw her swimming in the crowd, tossed to and fro, and vainly endeavouring to make good her retreat. People got upon the chairs to look at her; every neck was stretched out; the hindmost pushed the foremost; and in all likelihood the object of this oppressive admiration would have been suffocated at last, had not her agility and dexterity afforded her an opportunity in a few minutes to escape.

Let nobody imagine he will find real pleasure in public places of this kind. The Parisian plunges into a crowd, because he is a stranger to the quiet joys of domestic privacy. The word *plaisir* for him is only an expression, *a façon de parler*. He has the pleasure to see you, to hear you, to speak with you, but to him who has this pleasure you are ne-

vertheless perfectly indifferent. He had the pleasure of dining with such a one, where he felt terrible *ennui*. You give him an invitation, he tells you he receives it with great pleasure, but he never comes. You ask leave to lay hold of his arm—"With a great deal of pleasure, Madame;" and all the while he mutters a curse between his teeth, for he has a mortal aversion to such a restraint.

The taste for what is called *fêtes champêtres* is much upon the decline, for the places where these rural feasts used to be given, multiplied to infinity; and it was ridiculous to see a person that planted a small bit of ground with a couple of espalier trees, created a meandering little puddle, or raised a shabby looking fountain, give to them the high sounding names of *Isle de Venus*, *Jardin de Paphos*, *d'Apollon*, *Elysée*, *Frascati*, *les*

Grands Maronniers, la Chaumiere Indienne, &c. &c.

The fire-works, particularly Ruggiere's, are a very popular amusement, and the best play will never attract such a concourse of people. Of the theatricals of amateurs little more is now heard. The young men play at Ranelagh, as long as the weather permits, the *jeu de barres* (cricket); and as there is always a numbers of ladies who come to be spectators, it may easily be supposed that here too vanity officiates as president.

The public balls, which are always pompously advertised, are truly insignificant. Here it is a *Casino Venetien*, a *Salle de Terpsichore*, &c.; there a grand orchestra; there again a *mise decente* (decent dress) is made a condition *sine quâ non* of admittance; and if a stranger, trusting to all this bombast, comes in

well dressed, he is sure to find a heap of ill-bred clowns in boots, with round hats on their heads, and the grand orchestra consists of five poor creatures, one of whom is a black man, beating an oblong drum with one hand, and playing on a fife with the other; between the dances they give flourishes on the French-horn. Neither nature nor art lend charms to the fair sex here; and as to modesty, I could no where meet with it. A rare refinement I found in several dancing-rooms. A profile painter sets up his stall in one of the corners, and in an instant, at a moderate price, furnishes profiles. A lover, who has perhaps seldom an opportunity of seeing the object of his affections, may here contrive so as to make her for a moment stand in the stall, where she will at least leave him her shade.

Formerly, education was remarkable in

France for its salutary rigour, but now such a method would be called pedantry. Formerly, labour was the custom, earnest application the guide of studies; and mathematics, the ancient languages, the sciences and the fine arts, the objects of the learner's pursuit. A young man just coming out of school could certainly not cut a figure upon entering into company, and it was the task of the ladies gradually to give him the polish of genteel refinement. But now the dear child is kept, above all things, from over-fatiguing himself with study; the ancient languages are deemed superfluous, and the fine arts, which were before mere collaterals, now form the main object. What was then called the *classis* is now abolished, and there are only courses of public lectures, where the ladies and strangers numerously attend, and occupy the seats of honour.

The real pupils must sit behind, just like the rabble in the juridical ceremony of the marriage of Figaro. The sweet prattling, and the killing looks of the ladies prepare the children for their lesson: at last, the gallant professor makes his appearance, but he is no longer a dull pedant as formerly; he is known in every social circle, he is a member of all the lyceums, genteel, *tonish*, in short, a delicious man. He is received with a glad murmuring, and modestly snuffs in the incense with his nose, walking in a bending attitude through the hall. In order to teach the pupils to read, the professor reads, and what?—a satire of Boileau, or a song of Gresset's *Vert-vert*, or perhaps a few words on some ancient author. His end is entertainment and not instruction; he, therefore, skips over every thing serious, concluding with the reading of his *own verses*,

amidst the loudest clapping of hands on the part of the audience; thus a twelvemonth passes, and the prizes are distributed. This formerly took place with pompous solemnity, but is now performed in one of the most fascinating circles. All the *belles* attend, because concerts and balls are given; they little think about theprizes; here too the pupils make a brilliant figure, and they prophesy that this or that one will soon become a capital dancer.

This kind of solemnity is still more scrupulously and nicely observed in the boarding-schools for young ladies. There plays are acted, in which the girls stifle the fascinating coyness of innocence, in order to please by their graces, and afterwards in dancing, to rival the most expert women in coquetry.

Formerly a young lady would have taken it very ill, had any body told her

that she danced like a stage-player; but now it is the only encomium that can be worthily bestowed on a good dancer.

The youthful fair are now likewise *amateurs of the arts*. A girl scarcely fifteen years old will stand before *David's* painting, and, attentively gazing through her opera glass at the stark-naked Sabine, will observe, that such a muscle is full of energy, but such a one like nothing. She will talk of the tibia, of the abdomen, and God knows of what more. As the pretty accomplishment of holding a fan before one's eyes was not to be entirely suppressed, but was, however, found troublesome, recourse has been had to the medium of *fixing the opera-glass between the fan-sticks*, which is a complete remedy.

Both mother and daughter now dress alike, they *thou* one another, and if they wrangle, neither will give way. Both

dance *la gavotte;* they sing, play at cards, ride home separately, commit follies, intrust them to one another, they scold each other, and both domineer in the family. The only thing in which they differ is, that the mother wears *diamonds*, and the daughter *flowers*.

A young man from the country came on a visit to a young lady betrothed to him, he found her *tête-à-tête* with a young man, having before her an *academie* (a small statue of plaster of Paris): to learn drawing, she took lessons in anatomy. "We are just now," said her master, "upon the muscles of the loins, let us for the present get to the abdomen:" thus the fancy of this girl was jumping from muscle to muscle.—Her lover asking where her mother was, "O," replies she, "the little rake! she was watzing too much last night."—After this, she requested

her intended spouse to accompany her to the riding-house, where, on her arrival, she jumped upon a brisk horse, and, gallopping away like lightning, left the poor country lout staring open-mouthed at the disappearance of his vision.

From the riding-house she went to the swimming-school, *(école de natation)* where the gentle bride entered a closet, and soon after appeared in a large bathing shirt, which having dropt, she stood exposed to view in nankeen waistcoat and pantaloons closely fitting her body, and with these she jumped into the water. Her bridegroom, who never hoped to see all these charms before the wedding day, let her swim, hastened home, helped himself to put his horses before the carriage, and with the utmost precipitancy, nay, even without taking leave, returned to the country.—I must frankly confess here, that the above ob-

servations are not entirely my own, but that another very nice observer has contributed a few.

The modern devotion of the Parisians appears to me, as every thing of theirs does, mere fashion. I was present at the chanting of a solemn high mass at the church of *Notre Dame*, which was crowded with flocks of the pious; I very closely observed them, and could discover but little devotion, for all of them had brought nothing but their play-house looks. The vocal music was excellent, but too feeble for such a large edifice. The entrance into the choir costs sixpence.

Boards were suspended on the arches, announcing the prices to be paid for the chairs let for hire. If a *Te Deum* was chanted, I found them the dearest, probably because a *Te Deum* must first

be purchased at a dear rate. I heard a bell belonging to the steeple, which has a most awful, tremendous sound, and is called *Bourdon.*

Louis XVI. and Marat, in short, all the venerable, as well as the worthless victims of the revolution, are so completely sunk in oblivion, that all my pains to discover the church-yard *de la Madelaine*, where they are buried, were fruitless; my *lacquey de place* pretended to know nothing at all about it. At last, I was informed, that this church-yard had been sold to a smith, who had converted it into a garden. I instantly repaired to the spot, but the smith was not at home; the people in the house would not vouch for the correctness of my information, but were of opinion, that not a single trace of graves remained in their garden; for

the quick lime, with which the holes in which the corpses had been thrown were filled up, had consumed them all. To be brief, I was obliged to withdraw, however much I had wished to stand on the *spot* where the bones of unfortunate men and ruffians remain mixed together. A lady afterwards assured me that the spot was not only still to be found, but that it was even planted with *three lilies*: the owner however, owing to the too great crowd of visitors, had shut his garden to every body. —In this he was perfectly right.

The *Bois de Boulogne*, where the monteters are strolling about, and where the beaux are lolling in their cabriolets, is not a wood, but a collection of shrubs and bushes, which has nothing of an attractive nature; a number of paths cross each other. Having once entered

it, a person may ride as far as the palace of *la Bagatelle*, formerly belonging to the *Count d'Artois*, where every thing is confined within a very narrow space. The entrance to it bears this inscription, *Parva sed apta*. It is now kept by a *Restaurateur*, who takes fifteen sous for admission, and fifty more for a small glass of paltry Madeira. The prospect is charming, and the park romantically wild. Some rooms still contain the old furniture; but most of them have been plundered by the ruffian banditti. It is impossible so small a place should afford more beauty and convenience. Returning, you pass by a *ci-devant* royal castle called *La Muette*. Here slept Marie Antoinette on the eve of her wedding-day; and, surely, her dreams could not dive into the dark bosom of fatal futurity!

Young folks are complained of for being ignorant, and yet positively deciding every thing. Is not this the case everywhere? Nobody understands, nay, nobody learns any more the great art of *hearing* and of *being silent*. "Look there, Sir," quoth an old Frenchman in my presence, "there, in that antique chair, my father used to sit; methinks I see him now; he spoke little, but was quick of hearing. His attention conferred an additional interest upon all that was said, the vivacity of his eyes was eloquence itself; but to observe a look of his, you must have taken it for the most persuasive reply. There hangs his portrait, and we think he is listening still! O pray do not turn the leaves of the book that still lies on the chimney-piece, the same spot where my father ceased to read, what he had so often read: Plutarch's treatise, entitled, *How to*

listen. He frequently conversed with me upon its contents; for with me he would break silence, to recommend hearing. That will be learned by degrees, he used to say, and it is a thing as difficult to be learned as speaking well. The prudent Chancellor l'Hôpital set a high value on this treatise. Our young folks resemble the portico with seven voices, to be seen in Olympias of yore; they continually repeat what they have said, and nobody pays any attention to them. You are almost tempted to call out to them with Aristotle: God be thanked I have legs, not to be obliged to hear.

" And whence these errors? they would not be taught to listen. The art of hearing is the beginning of the art of pleasing.

" In talking, we only shew a desire to be amiable, but in listening, we are

so in reality. During the first year of the revolution, my father lived in the country, and every party in his hamlet placed him among the number of those who judge well. No faction pursued him, all revered his taciturnity. Many have in those stormy times, profited by his example. A man may pass, without speaking, for a great orator; let him but listen in a certain manner, let him but eye folks attentively, and here and there give a nod; at last, people will fancy they have received the very answer they wished for. "One day, my father having been quite dumb in this manner, one of the company assured him how extremely glad he was to find him of his opinion. If you give no answer at all, people will make themselves one according to their own liking."

The honourable title of Artiste, is singularly sported with in Paris. *Artiste en Marbre* is what we commonly call a stone-cutter; *Artiste en Peinture*, a house-painter; and Monsieur Joly is one of the most celebrated *Artistes en Cheveux*. He appears in his equipage, hops in, scarcely greets you, and seems as if he meant to take off his hat. He then proceeds before the looking-glass, adjusts his frock, pulls up his buckskin breeches and boots, kisses the lady's hand, orders one of his hair boxes to be brought, and displays the whole variety of the articles, which he calls *sentimens*, *souvenirs*, &c. He then, after a minute's pause, and in a very careless manner, fastens his comb to the lady's head, and in the same space of time finishes dressing her, and this minute gone, he vanishes like lightning. The *atists shoe-blacks*, living *aux Trois Frères*,

passage du Panorama, have the following inscription on their sign:

O vous qui redoutez les taches et la crotte,
Amateurs de Journaux, de propréte, de vers,
Entrez ici, lisez, souffrez qu'on vous decrotte,
Et livrez à nos soins la botte et le revers.

The *artists shoemakers* are most punctiliously ambitious of shewing their skill, in making them wear out as fast as possible. A *non-elegant*, complaining to his shoemaker that one pair of new ones had lasted him but a fortnight: "a fortnight!" cried the artist, "then they surely were not of my making, for mine never exceed the age of eight or ten days."

The usurers of Paris lend on every pledge the fifth part of its value, deducting at the same time five per cent. per month interest, and then ask you

to give pin-money for their wives, which is to consist in watches, rings, &c. &c.

A lady of the world first wishes to please, now and then to be amiable, and at last respectable, but the latter only, if nothing better is to be done; or to appear remarkable, for, indeed, there is a coquetry in morals as there is in dress, and as good luck will have it, virtue has sometimes the chance of being fashionable.

"I have no time to esteem you," "said a lady once to a good-natured man, who caused her *ennui*," "if you could please me, it would have happened much quicker."

The new regulation for wearing mourning makes it incumbent on a *wife* to wear sable weeds one year and

six weeks for her husband; but the latter only wears black six months for his dear half. The spirit of this law I am at a loss to comprehend.

To suckle children *was* the fashion. *Now*, powerful reasons are urged against the fulfilment of this grateful duty. Many infants cannot digest their mother's milk, and so the preference is given to wet-nurses. Ladies of tender nerves make bad nurses. The country air is better for children. Mothers fondle and spoil their offspring too much. Nature insists, in fact, on a mother's suckling her own infant; but as it is, we have attained a degree of civilization which forbids suckling, like many other duties powerfully commanded by nature. Who could withstand such arguments?

Among the number of establishments worthy of imitation which I have al-

ready passed under review? How many are there which I have left undescribed? There is a *sejour conservatoire de santé* (conservative abode of health), where both sexes may hire places for months, for years, or for life, to nurse their health, or for economy's sake, or from motives of sociability, or to get rid of all domestic cares. Strangers of every description, those who are required to undergo operations, or such as fall sick at the public inns, or lying-in women; in fine, all those who are remote from their families, and need attendance or care, here find an abode.

They find likewise baths, mineral waters, convenience, and good company. The prices, however, of these various articles have no limited standard.

From Paris opportunities are daily to be found to travel to every part of the

world, and that generally cheap, convenient, and quickly.

A carriage with four seats, suspended on elastic springs, goes to Lyons in four days; to Marseilles, to Ghent, Grenoble, or Chambery, in five days and a half; to Turin in nine, and to Milan in eleven days, &c. In these conveyances you are allowed to repose at proper inns every night.

It is very pleasant for a stranger, who has any thing to dispose of which he does not want, that, instead of being at the trouble of getting rid of it himself, he need but apply to the *Bureau des Affiches*, which saves him the trouble, for a very moderate consideration; or, if he wish to dispose of his property by auction, he sends it to the *Cabinet Arbitral*.

Families of respectability in the best quarters of Paris will often offer board

to strangers. They are for the most part reduced ex-nobles, who are now in want of such aid to procure a decent support; but they never sneak after mean lucre. Their table is as good as that of the best *restaurateurs*, you find select company; you may practise the language, and learn the *bon ton* of the Parisians, for in these houses you are like an invited guest, and as such treated by the landlady and her boarders.

During my stay in Paris, a gentleman, formerly a major, announced an establishment by the name of *Propylée*, or *Vestibule des Voyageur*, where every one that had an intention to set out on his travels was to receive every instruction conducive to his purpose, such as directions on the road, indications of curiosities, draughts of beautiful landscapes, or monuments, portraits of celebrated ladies and gentlemen; even let-

ters of recommendation were promise, provided the receiver of them would give substantial security for the propriety of his subsequent conduct. Besides this, lessons were to be given in the languages, history, literature, anthropology, natural history, *oditoligy* (science of travelling). There you could likewise find extracts from the best travellers, and from the correspondence of the *Propylée*. It was also permitted to be present at two literary assemblies a month, and at two concerts; the latter, to get acquainted with the music of all the nations on the globe; and the former, to obtain a proper knowledge of the state of literature and the arts all over Europe.

On paying twelve francs per month, a person could be admitted, if he had a mind, as a pupil, or amateur; and paying one half more, he could bring ladies

with him, as competitors for the annual prizes of gold medals, and so forth. The minister for the home department wrote the projector a very flattering letter.

Pregnant ladies that wish to lie-in privately find many opportunities with physicians and surgeons, who, in great numbers, offer their houses, every convenience, and the most respectful treatment, allowing, at the same time, their own spouses to officiate as midwives.

In Paris a person may learn every thing; the exercise of jurisprudence, the making of ballads, chemical experiments, and artificial flowers. The latter is promised to be taught in a few hours. Besides all this, the invaluable art to speak and write a language which every body may understand, and read, in all countries (*pasigraphie et pasilatie*), may be learned of a certain *Demamicux* for twelve

francs in a couple of hours. This universal writing has no more than twelve letters, and twelve rules; and the language founded upon it, three rules only.

The *Société des Observateurs de l'Homme*, sufficiently expresses the end of its labours by the title it has chosen. Fourcroy is the president; and Jauffret, so well known by his writings on education, the secretary. In the sitting at which I was present (and in which I was surprised by a diploma appointing me one of its members), Jauffret read an interesting treatise on the customs and manners of the savages; on which occasion the numerous audience was agreeably entertained by his exhibiting at the same time the dresses, arms, and utensils, of those uncultivated races.

The retired actor *La Rive* has announced, a *cours de l'art dramatique*, and promises amply to treat, in twelve sit-

tings, of the necessary qualifications of an actor, his voice, pronunciation, looks, hearing, feeling, expression, imagination, inspiration, seduction, truth, dignity, diction, jealousy, slavish imitation and affectation, declamation, courage, good and bad hearts, pleasures and displeasures of the dramatic art, the causes of its decline, criticism, &c. &c.

I think I am rendering a service to my readers, by giving them at the close of this article the address of a bookseller, who has conceived the idea, equally singular and useful, to sell nothing but odd volumes of books, that such as have lost a volume of any work may here have it made complete, as otherwise the whole work becomes useless: with him are to be found the best French authors in the greatest variety of editions, and what he has not he endeavours to procure. It is natural to

suppose he does not sell these productions at the usual price; but how pleasant it is for a lover of literature to make up a deficiency of this kind. This man's name is Cordier, *Rue Traversière St. Honoré*, No. 771, near *Rue du Hazard*, in the first floor in the court.

However much has been said abroad of the dearness of provisions in Paris, I did not find it so; but I am rather convinced that one may live, in the same manner, much cheaper here than at Berlin. As to Petersburgh, it admits of no comparison. I myself, for instance, lived in one of the best streets in that city, in the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, near the *Palais Royal*, and in the vicinity of five or six theatres. My lodgings consisted of a servant's hall, with stoves, a drawing-room, a bed-room, a study, a dressing-room, a small room for my valet, an *entresol*, and a wood-house. The

chimneys were of marble, the floors covered with beautiful carpets, silk and tapestry hangings, clocks, large pier glasses, and elegant papering; for all which I paid twelve louis-d'ors per month. In very good but more distant parts of the town, all this may be had for an eighth of this price. Yet I cannot forbear observing here, that a banishment of the English from Paris has brought on a considerable reduction of the terms: shortly before this happened, my lodgings were let for twenty louis-d'ors. With regard to eating and drinking, I have already been sufficiently explicit. For two shillings, or two and eight pence, a person may dine well, and drink his pint of wine. Equipages and theatres are dear. A suit of the best cloth may be had from five to six pounds, and the best boots from sixteen to twenty shillings.

I have likewise seen exhibited at Paris that old and remarkable rag, yclep'd the *tapestry of Queen Matilda*, which is said to have been embroidered by the consort of William the Conqueror. *Montfaucon* had it engraved on copper-plate. It contains the history of the conquest of England, near eight centuries old, measures two hundred and fourteen feet in length, but only eighteen inches in breadth. It was formerly in the cathedral church of Bayeux, where it was exhibited on certain festival occasions. Latin inscriptions, partly erased by the destructive ravages of time, are to be read at the head of the figures. It is impossible the queen alone should have completed such an undertaking; she certainly needed the assistance of all the ladies of the court. Surely it is an interesting exhibition, if a person's mind can transport itself into the spirit of the eleventh

century, and see the female part of a court thus laudably occupied with embroidery. How many a beautiful much-kissed hand, of which there is not a bone now left, may have put stitches here.

When it was publicly announced in Paris that, for good reasons, by order of the government, this monument was suspended, and exhibited gratis in the museum *Napoleon*, the concourse of spectators was numerous beyond description. The halls were never empty, and the stair-cases were much crowded. But unless a person's imagination be very lively, a spectator will discover little or nothing in it. The drawings are such as children four years old might make: it is well that you may always read on the top what they are to represent: for example, *Hic Harold mare navigavit*; or over a thing much resembling an arbor,

you see inscribed, *ecclesia* (church), &c. For lovers of the study of ancient costumes, this relic is at any rate worthy of notice. There rides Harold, with a falcon on his feet, and his hounds running before him. He and his retinue are beardless, yet they wear whiskers. By this they distinguish themselves from the Franks. Small cloaks, resembling the *chlamys* of the Greeks, are fixed on the right shoulder. At a feast, you see drinking horns. On the ships, which are all single masted, a row of shields is ranged on both sides, exactly as they are seen on the pictures from Herculaneum. On the French shields you discover an emblem, or a certain sort of coat of arms, which was not, however, hereditary at that time. A dwarf, with the name of Turold over his head, performs the functions of a page. The table at which William is dining with his ba-

rons forms a semi-circle, and the cup is presented to him with genuflection.

In the combat, you see the riders brandish their lances, the infantry bending their bows, and their shields loaded as it were with arrows.

So far the border of the tapestry is lined with birds and all sorts of grotesque figures, but farther on it is strewed with corpses.

This was a custom of the ancients; for instance, on the sarcophagus representing the battle of the Amazons with the Athenians, a bishop is fighting with a glove, probably, that he may not be suspected of harbouring the intention of shedding blood. This battle, which placed William the Conqueror and his family on the throne of England, was fought in the year 1066, and with it the tapestry ends; but it is torn so, that it may be plainly perceived it has been

longer. Antiquaries pretend that its continuation went as far as the coronation of William. Every story, as on the *bas-reliefs* of the antients, is parted from the subsequent ones by trees, houses, and other decorations of this kind.

Never shall I forget the Sunday breakfasts of the dramatic authors, to which I was generally invited. Here they assembled, by turns, in their respective houses, and the breakfast was *à la fourchette*, but rather frugal. One of them afterwards reads his most recent dramatic labours, which is not, however, done with a view of flattering the author's vanity; but every one of them frankly gives his opinion, which those present investigate, discuss, approve, or reject, and of which the author profits.

L**, an old man of 70, had been rec-

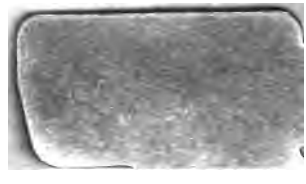
tor in the village of Gagny, in the department of Seine and Oise 25 years; but, like many others, was proscribed and transported. Having wandered about for many years in a state of wretchedness, a milder government permitted him at last to revisit his native home. A short time before my arrival, he paid a visit to the mayor of Villemamble, a village in the neighbourhood of Gagny. Being so near his former mansion, he felt an irresistible desire of revisiting his old steeple. The mayor attended him. At the sight of his village the hoary sire was extremely agitated, and could walk no further without being supported by his friend. Scarcely had he past the first houses, scarcely had some of the inhabitants perceived him, but shouts of joy resounded all over the place, with the exclamation: *Our old parson is returned!* Men, wo-

men, and children, thronged to see him: he was surrounded, almost stifled with caresses, and loaded with blessings. Every one wished to treat him; one drags him into this house, another into that; they produce the children born since his absence; they will not suffer him to depart, without pledging his promise to come and say mass on the following Sunday; he promised it, and kept his word. Though no more he found his sacerdotal habits, and the former ornaments of the church, yet the whole altar was decorated with flowers, and the whole village was contained within the precincts of the church. He performed the sacred functions of his office with heart-moving sensibility, upon which a *Te Deum* was suddenly chanted. He asked why?—*We celebrate your return*, was the answer. Scarcely able to sustain the weight of so

much cordial attachment, he leaves the church; a solemn deputation of his flock wait on him with the earnest prayer to return to the parsonage, and end the remaining days of his venerable career in the midst of his children. Such had not been his design; he had longed for solitary repose, but what resistance can be opposed to such prayers? Scenes of this kind, I am assured, have happened in several places.

I conclude the memorandums in my pocket-book with a just animadversion. During the latter days of my stay at Paris, there appeared a work, by Pigault le Brun, in two volumes, entitled, *Le Citateur*, which bears much analogy to Voltaire's *Bible Enfin Expliquée*, and from which it has perhaps been entirely borrowed: it consequently contains the most horrible abuse against religion and

the scriptures. The author, without scruple, affixed his name to it; the bookseller, Barba, without hesitation, printed it; the Censor, without the least difficulty, permitted it to be printed; the police, without objection, permits it to be publicly vended in the Palais Royal. Thus the most infamous calumnies against our Saviour, Christ, are free and current in Paris: but I would not advise any one to write, though it were but a single line, against ———, unless he wishes to take his chance of a voyage to the shores of Cayenne.

FINIS.

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